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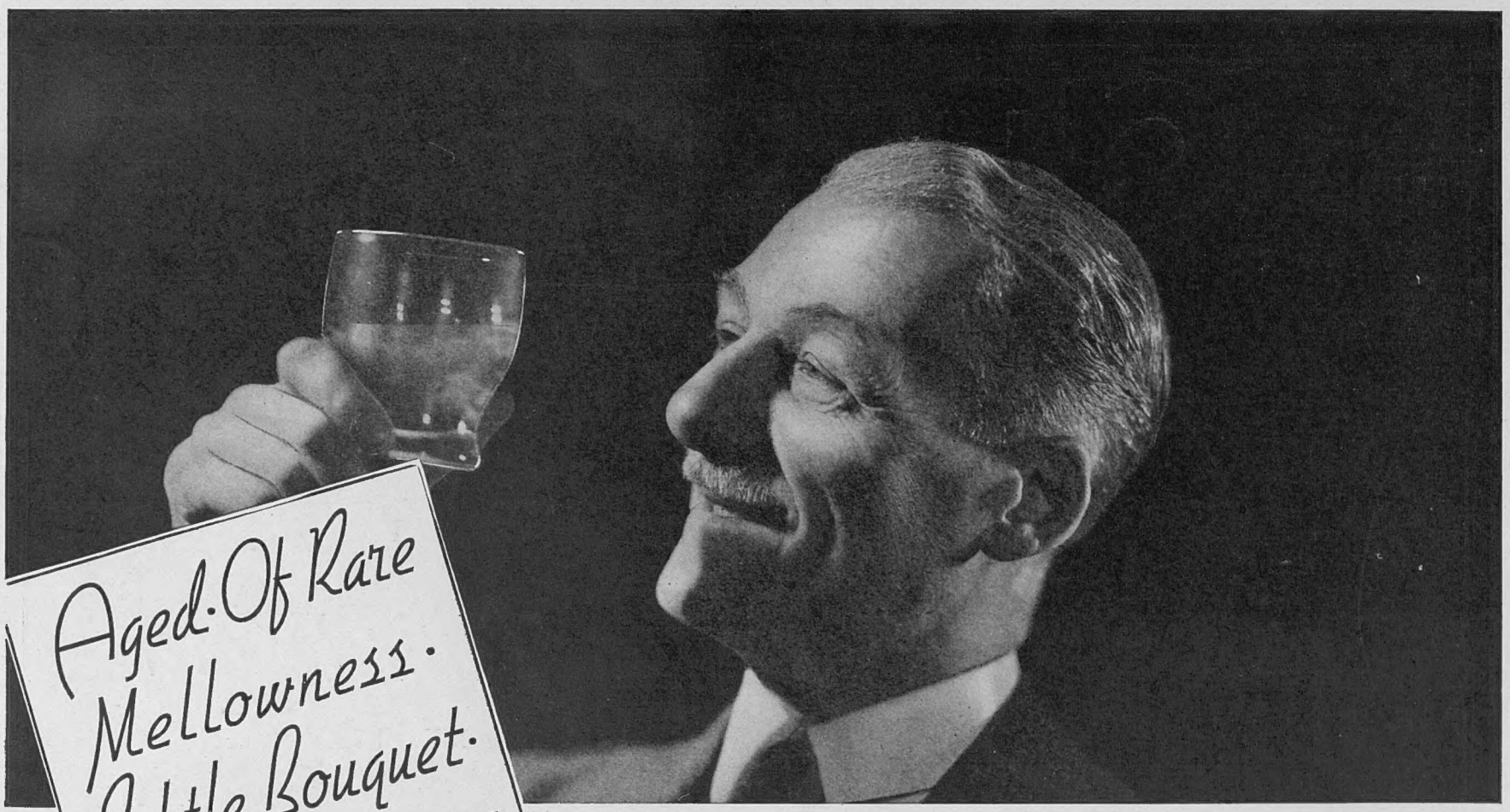

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Clacton.—Grosvenor Court.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
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Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
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Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
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Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol. On sea front. Tel. 2857
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Plympton.—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
St. Austell.—Fairmead Hotel. Tel. 76.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
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United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Grantown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o'Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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MAKING THEIR LIVES SECURE IN THE "HEREAFTER": The seven German leaders who have invested millions of pounds outside Germany

SECOND IN COMMAND GÖRING who has £1,501,400 invested outside Germany for use if and when the Nazi Party is overthrown, and this is in addition to the vast store of houses and valuables he has amassed during the past years in Germany itself

FOREIGN MINISTER RIBBENTROP, and former Ambassador to London, leads the list of German leaders with the sum of £1,948,000 invested in cash and securities and life insurance policies. He, too, like Göring, has considerable possessions in Germany itself

PROPAGANDIST GOEBBELS has the sum of £1,798,000 invested abroad — made up of £927,000 in cash and securities, £373,000 in insurance for himself and £498,000 on his wife. And Goebbels is the man who has thundered in print against the "currency criminals"!

DEPUTY-LEADER RUDOLF HESS, hitherto regarded as one of the gentlest and most gentlemanly of the Nazis, has only the comparatively small sum of £801,500 as his little nest-egg, but of this £449,000 is in cash and negotiable securities for use later on

GESTAPO LEADER HIMMLER, the much detested Police Chief, a leader who has hunted down thousands for this very same thing, has £400,000 in foreign cash and securities, as well as a further £127,500 in life insurance policies for use when Nazi Germany breaks down

LABOUR FRONT LEADER DR. LEY, analytical chemist, who used to live in a two-room flat in the Ruhr, now has £378,000, of which £210,000 is in cash. As leader of the Labour front, he is now one of the big figures in Nazi Germany —a sure way to riches!

JEW-BAITER JULIUS STREICHER, now reported to be in disgrace, has taken out life insurance policies totalling £834,000. His disgrace is stated to be the consequence of the plundering of Jewish property in Franconia, the province he was supposed to govern!

up in ministerial speech this strong and patriotic enthusiasm to serve voluntarily, and then diluting it with guineas here and there, the most sure breeder of discontent, discouragement and a sense of injustice? The country would give its voluntary services freely and cheerfully throughout the war and the surest way by which the Government could keep that spirit alive is not by doles but by a clear pronouncement *now* that this war is a people's war and is being waged by those at home not less than by those in the field and that, when it is over, the volunteers at home will be treated as fighters and will be able to show their war ribbons (or what not) as evidence that they did a vital war service. The first decorations in this war were earned by humble folk in mean streets. As for our senior officers, is there one single ribbon in existence which does not already blush on their left breasts? What a nation inspired with patriotic desire for voluntary service needs is not doles but recognition that it is part of the country's army. How much better the French understand that business than we!

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Owing to the rationing of paper, after October 7, newsagents will not be permitted to order copies of "The Sphere" for chance sale. Therefore, in order to avoid disappointment our readers should now place a firm order with their usual newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Sphere" each week.

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AMERICA AND NEUTRALITY.

—Mr. Roosevelt has done and will continue to do what he can. But much depends on Senator Borah, the leader of the "back-yard" school. If Senator Borah can persuade the still important section of American opinion, so large in the middle-west, that the repeal of the Neutrality Law definitely commits America to armed intervention in the European war at some future date, then indeed Mr. Roosevelt, and those who look ahead as he does, will have a high fence to get over. For the horrors, the waste, the imbecility of war fill the pages of every American journal and picture paper to-day, and who can blame a man who argues: We are mercifully beyond bombing range to-day. Why should we send our sons and our best treasure into the shambles and to the scrap heap? But does even Senator Borah deny that the democracies are fighting to-day for the one thing for which the United States stands, the thing which, if destroyed, removes the foundations on which America stands? If America decides again, in the face of the last piratical aggressions of Germany and Russia, for non-resistance in any form to the supreme limits of dishonour and the last refinements of barbarism, then the pirates will know that America doesn't count, and may with impunity be disregarded, pushed aside, browbeaten, insulted, and used. It is not a pleasant future for a great and powerful nation, the champion of liberty and order. And even her nimble accountants, budgeting ahead in terms of dollars, may forecast a gloomy future for American trade, after a long European war has left Europe bankrupt. It takes two to make trade.

THE LONG VIEW.—

Unless at the end of this nightmare we are to live like cave men, we must gradually or quickly readjust our ideas and canalise our enthusiasm to serve. There is a good deal of truth in the criticism already expressed of the wasted effort and wasted public money in A.R.P. All over the country districts men and women are tripping over each other in an endeavour to prove their importance in local defence work. Such work may come, but even if it does, it will be better performed by half the numbers standing by. Meanwhile (because of what the neighbours may say) women and men in essential jobs are leaving them for the slightly more coloured service of defence. Take education. Unless the children of the upper classes, not at private or public schools, are to remain static educationally for the duration, women employed as governesses or teachers at small kindergarten are in key employment and infinitely better employed in national service *so* than if they quarrel over the washing-up of canteen saucers. Or domestic servants. With houses filled to capacity and beyond it, the whole scheme of evacuation must break down this winter if all domestic servants are lured away. These are two examples out of scores. Even in a bitter war to a finish, there are other things of importance besides war and its prosecution. The long view should cover peace beyond the war, and the arts of peace are an essential partner in the prosecution of war.

THE LITTLE BILL.—

Queen Elizabeth wanted to see Sir John in love. No taxpayer exactly looked forward to seeing Sir John in war. Nevertheless we have to pay for our little war and we none of us expect to be cheered by the first war budget. How little time ago in point of months it was that the Chancellor admitted that the limit of direct taxation was reached, and that the camel could bear no more! And now. We must congratulate ourselves as time goes on for every sixpence we are spared until 50 per cent. of our surviving income is taxed at the source. Super tax is bound to cover a lower range of incomes. Further indirect taxation on (peace-time) necessities can hardly be avoided. To meet the impositions most of us find our unearned incomes dwindling and our earned incomes cut or lost. And then there is local taxation steadily rising. A.R.P. is not created on the proceeds of jumble sales. And prices continually will rise whatever legislation may do. And when we come to pay what we must out of capital, since we cannot pay out of income, we find the bulk of our shrunken securities unsaleable. It is Bleak House, but Bleak House is better than Mad-house or Bug-house. We obediently kneel in the sand for the new burden to be strapped on.

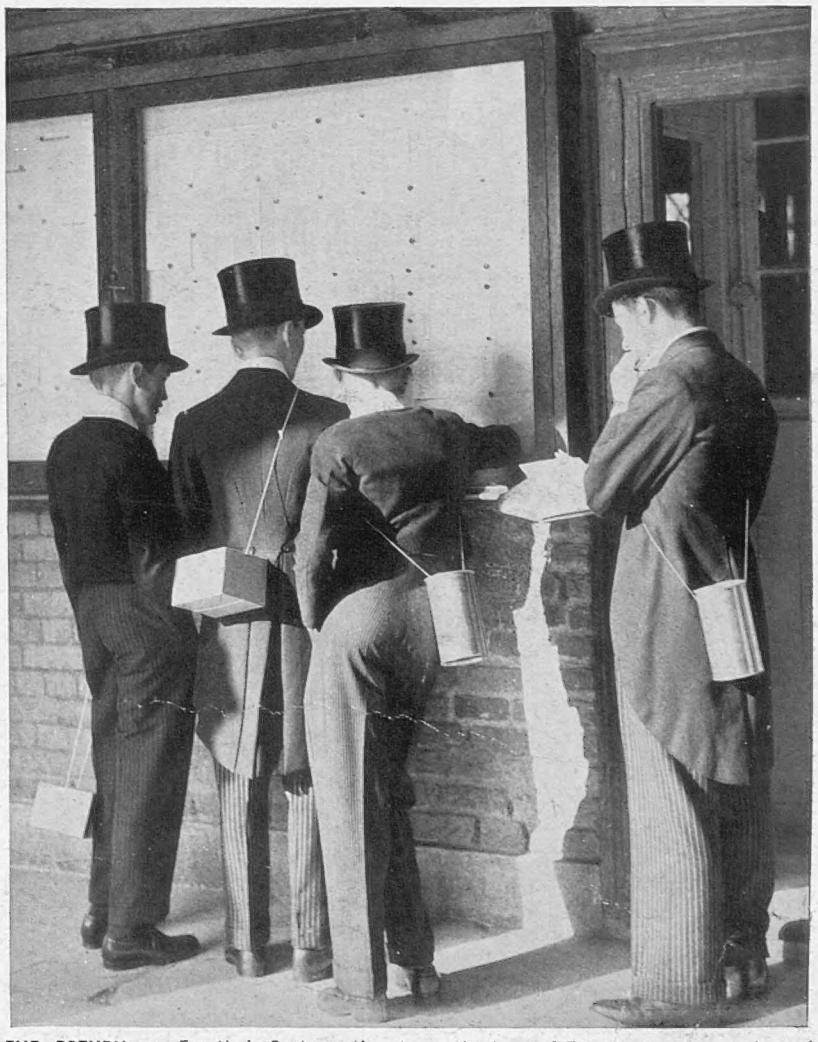
MR. GREENWOOD.—

I never heard Mr. Greenwood to better effect than in his broadcast to Labour all the world over. He spoke well in the House on the same day and in his broadcast he charmed and cheered me, and awoke again a feeling of pride in the British race and character which is a shield and buckler in these days of trial. If he voiced the opinion and policy of British Labour to-day and to-morrow, then we may forget our detestation of party tactics and be comforted to know that we have a sound and helpful Opposition, and that Labour deserves, and will have its turn, to govern, and is fit to govern, us. Mr. Greenwood has greatly increased his reputation as a statesman recently. His dignity, sincerity, patriotism, strength and humanity have beaconed out in his speeches. He has shown no pettiness, made no party capital, and proved a constructive leader in opposition during his period in charge. He has increased the dignity and underlined the unity of Parliament to-day.

SEEING THE WAR.—

Luxembourg is the great tourist centre. Its popularity embarrasses its authorities. Thousands of visitors, tourists, gapers, sensationalists, are converging on the Duchy in motor cars, chiefly from Belgium. They make for the high ground near Schengen, and can watch the shells bursting and even hear the rattle of machine-gun fire; yes, and distinguish moving tanks and men 2 miles away. They enjoy indeed the image of war with less than 25 per cent. of the danger. This practice (says the Luxembourg Government) is not only unseemly but dangerous. We do not quarrel with that judgment. It is more than unseemly. It is disgusting and degrading to make a holiday and to picnic in sight of the field where brave young men are dying. And if the danger to-day is but 5 per cent. of war danger, what of to-morrow? With a lunatic in charge, who knows how long Luxembourg will enjoy her immunity or when the park of tourist cars may not be "mistaken" for a concentration of enemy mechanised forces.

THE OLD STAGER



THE RETURN OF THE COLLEGIANS For their first war-time term, the boys of Eton College have returned to school complete with gas-mask apiece and keyed up for scholastic labours in an atmosphere of A.R.P., air raids and other martial activities. Each boy, of course, carries his gas-mask wherever he may be.

A FINE PIECE OF RESCUE WORK BY THE R.A.F.: An entire ship's crew lifted to safety from the surface of the sea.

IN the middle of last week there took place somewhere in Atlantic waters one of those dramatic occasions which the flying world can provide. A British cargo boat, the *Kensington Court*, had been sunk by shell-fire from a German submarine after an S O S had been sent out from her wireless room. One boat was upset and lost, the other two were dangerously crowded with the ship's crew, and one unfortunate, the steward, had fallen into the water. Captain I. Schofield says that he watched his ship sinking by the bows as they rowed round searching for the missing steward. "The submarine at this time appeared on the surface and remained for a time watching the scene. At last we found Ford and towed him behind the lifeboat; he was in an exhausted condition.

"Then someone cried 'Listen!' We stopped rowing and looked up into the sky. Three small dots high up came nearer and nearer. We looked round for the submarine and saw it submerging and making off at top speed. Then all eyes were turned again to the oncoming planes—were they British? The question was on

EASTERN FRONT—MOPPING UP AT GDYNIA AFTER THE GERMAN ENTRY

Civilians found in the port of Gdynia by the German troops were examined in the manner shown here. The German troops appear to be taking few chances during their search of the Poles

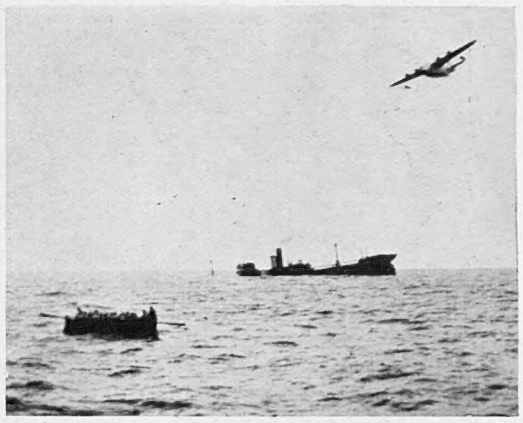
BY SEA and LAND the WAR GOES ON

Illustrated by Montague Dawson from official data

everyone's lips. In a flash it was answered. The seaplanes swooped down low over the lifeboat.

"Just when we were thinking that things were all up and that the S O S we had flashed out had not been heard these seaplanes arrived. It was like a miracle. We waited breathlessly while one plane circled and came to rest on the water some yards away. It taxied across the sea towards us. The pilot leaned out and shouted 'Everyone safe?' We shouted that we were all safe and steered the lifeboat alongside.

"Twenty were taken aboard the first craft, which then taxied away and took off, heading back home. The second plane landed and the fourteen men left in the lifeboat were taken aboard."



MAKING SURE THAT THE SUBMARINE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE SCENE

A snapshot from one of the rescuing planes, showing the third plane circling round, making sure that all was clear for the rescue

CAPTAIN SCHOFIELD WHO WAS RESCUED WITH ALL HIS CREW BY THE R.A.F.

He is here seen with two of the R.A.F. pilots who assisted in the rescue of the *Kensington Court's* crew

WESTERN FRONT—INDICATIONS OF WAR ON THE LUXEMBOURG FRONTIER

This bridge, on the frontier of Germany and the Duchy of Luxembourg, has been blown up from the German side. The situation of Luxembourg has again become one of some anxiety, in view of activities of the enemy in the neighbourhood

SCOTLAND GOES TO THE W

OFF TO FRANCE—THE KILTED REGIMENTS LEAVING BRITAIN TO CARRY ON THEIR GREAT TRADITIONS OVERSEAS.

AR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

With their kilts swinging, this Highland regiment presents a picture which is redolent of fighting tradition. There are modern touches in the equipment but in the main they look like veterans of the Great War, marching once again to add glory to Scotland's banners. The Scots Guards fought in the first battle of Ypres and did heroic work at Loos in 1915, on the Somme in 1916, and at the battle of Bapaume in 1918. The Highland Light Infantry fought in the same early battles, and in 1918 made a memorable stand at Moeuvres. They fought also at Gallipoli in 1915, as did the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the famous Lowland regiment

THE STRATEGY OF THE WAR

Beginning a Week-by-Week Commentary on the Military Situation

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

General Sir Charles Harington was educated at Cheltenham, Sandhurst, and later passed through the Staff College.

He was a brigade major before the great war and spent most of the war on the Ypres Salient, where he was Chief of Staff to the Canadian Corps under Byng, Chief of Staff to the Second Army under Plumer. Later he went to Italy after the Caporetto debacle; and after that, he became D.C.I.G.S. under Sir Henry Wilson.

He then went to the Army Council while Mr. Winston Churchill was Secretary of State for War, and he was sent to Turkey in October, 1920, to command the Allied Forces.

In Turkey he was personally responsible for the prevention of war with Turkey by the success of his negotiations at Mudania with Mustapha Kemal and Ismet Pasha, who agreed to his terms within 75 mins. of the Allied ultimatum becoming effective. He was responsible for the safe evacuation of the Sultan and laying the foundations for the happy relations existing between Great Britain and modern Turkey to-day. After Mudania he became a lifelong friend and correspondent of Mustapha Kemal, who used to write to him frequently until the day of his death.

After the Turkish episode, he returned to England and commanded the North of England at York, where he was given the freedom of the city. In 1927 he went to Quetta. On his return to England he was given command at Aldershot, and finally was sent to Gibraltar as Governor-General in 1933, in which post he remained until almost the end of the Spanish Civil War.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON

BY the kindness of THE SPHERE I have been asked to write an article weekly on the war situation. My only qualification for doing so is that during my forty-seven years in the Army I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of acquiring considerable experience both as a Staff Officer and as a Commander. I should like to make it clear that the views which I shall express are entirely my own and have no official backing whatever. I know but few of the present generation in the Army, and one has to realise that one now belongs to the old lot for whom there is now no place. It may be that later on some use may be found for some of us.

Before discussing the situation, however, one must say that our hearts go out to those two great Christian gentlemen, the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax, who did everything that was humanly possible to preserve peace in the world from the days of Munich to the outbreak of war. They were faced, however, with a man whose word became each day more impossible and more untrustworthy. They had to witness his jumping of country after country and to listen to his eternal cry of peaceful intention at every turn. They had to witness the net closing gradually on the Poles. We all remember those closing days and hours and the studied insult to our ambassador.

One tries to picture Hitler's mind. He saw our link with the French growing stronger daily. He saw conscription introduced into this country and the Territorial Army doubled. He saw our whole nation getting closer together and stronger and he knew of our solemn promise to stand with France behind the Poles. I wonder at what exact moment he decided to go all out and discard all advice and efforts of King Leopold, President Roosevelt, Mussolini and others to dissuade him. Did he really think that he could knock out the Poles in a few weeks and then try, yet once more, his old trick of saying "That's done. I am all for peace and always have been. Don't you agree?" Can that still be his intention?

If it is, we know well the answer which he will get. The heroic Poles deserve every credit for the defence which they have put up. Out-numbered, out-gunned, much inferior in the air and in modern equipment, they are still holding out in several places, and as I write, Warsaw is still holding on, but I fear the end is near. I think the recent message of the Lord Mayor of Warsaw was pathetic when he said "We know the French and British will come to our help but we hope that they will come soon." How right our old military writers were in rubbing in the fact that policy and strategy must go hand in hand. It has been galling that no hand could have been given to the Poles in their distress.

At the moment one wonders if Hitler's Russian friends (?) that he made a bargain with are not taking too big a slice of the cake. We have yet to learn whether he asked his friends to look after the Rumanian frontier. I hardly think so. Perhaps Von Ribbentrop slipped up over that. It seems to me that the Polish resistance at the start forced on him the alternative of trying to defeat the Poles by himself, as he said he would, and in so doing having to run the chance of the weather breaking and being drawn into the mud, or calling on his Russian friends to help him as he did. It seems quite likely that he will get into the mud either way, if he is not already there. It seems fairly clear now that in spite of his statement that all he ever wanted was Danzig and the Corridor he had arranged with his accomplices to overrun and divide up Poland. This they are now busy doing. I presume all appointments are, in our army language, "Temporary" or "for the Duration."

THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY

The same spirit, in fact, which paved the way to Victory in 1914–1918

Turning now to the Western Front one sees that Hitler is strengthening his defences against Holland and presumably Belgium. Can it be that he is frightened of those countries? Sometimes defences are very useful for the purpose of hiding what goes on behind them. One reads that one of his satellites said recently that any idea of violating the neutrality of either of those countries was unthinkable. We have heard this before.

With regard to these so-called "lines" I know but little about them except that they are in no sense "lines." They are new since my day. I spent nearly four years connected with the defence of the Ypres Salient, with the 49th West Riding Division, the Canadian Corps and the Second Army. I hold no brief for our old lines. They held, thank God, but entirely due to the grand and gallant men behind them. Nowadays they are zones and areas of defence stretching back some 15 to 20 miles in depth, intersected no doubt with every kind of devilment of death. The idea is to entice an advancing force from zone to zone with a view to entanglement and destruction. I met a senior British officer recently who had visited the Maginot Line and had been much impressed. I understand that line took some ten years to build and is considered to be much more formidable than the Siegfried which took under two years to construct. I, naturally, know nothing whatever about plans or what the French operations in the neighbourhood of Saarbrücken have so far amounted to. It is too early to judge but I would impress on all the necessity for "patience."

Plans take time, and I can speak on this subject with experience. One of the biggest lessons of the great war was that operations well and thoroughly prepared generally succeeded, whereas operations hurriedly and not thoroughly prepared usually failed and resulted in much useless sacrifice of life. If that was so in that war it is more so now when armies are up against the defences of to-day with all their modern inventions.

I remember how my old chief, Lord Plumer, used to impress on us the value of what he called "back arrangements" and with what care and thoroughness he went into every one of them, travelling 100 miles a day to see for himself and be satisfied by those on the spot. He spared himself no effort. He was rewarded by his success at the battle of Messines. He had studied every detail of the artillery arrangements, supply arrangements, hospitals, railheads, etc., and had consulted with all corps, divisional and brigade commanders. The thirty-odd mines took the best part of a year to lay. Very difficult work and often within a few feet of the enemy.

With all the care and forethought, however, we feared that our losses in capturing the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge would amount to something like 50,000 officers and men. Actually they were barely 10,000. Messines was really the only battle of the great war for which time was available to make really complete plans to capture a limited objective. The ridge had dominated our position for two years and had to be removed, and it was. Although a very small affair as compared to the defences we are now talking about it is a sufficient example to show the necessity for time for preparation. I quote this now as a plea for "patience" if there are staffs to-day, as there may be, preparing plans to attack formidable defences. I know not.

Remember also that work and reconnaissance is much more difficult nowadays owing to enemy aeroplanes. The photographs required, the detailed bearings for artillery fire, the registration of artillery, the co-operation between the air forces and the troops, the supply and fuelling arrangements and a thousand other details all must have time.

Turning for a moment to the Royal Navy, we do, indeed, appreciate their terrific task. I can claim to know the Navy better perhaps than any other soldier. My close association with the Navy both in Constantinople and during the last five years in Gibraltar recall memories of many happy days and many true friends, memories which will be ever dear to me. Many have been taken from us, but to have been privileged in life to have been a real friend of men like Admirals John de Robeck, W. W. Fisher, and Roger Backhouse has meant a great deal to me.

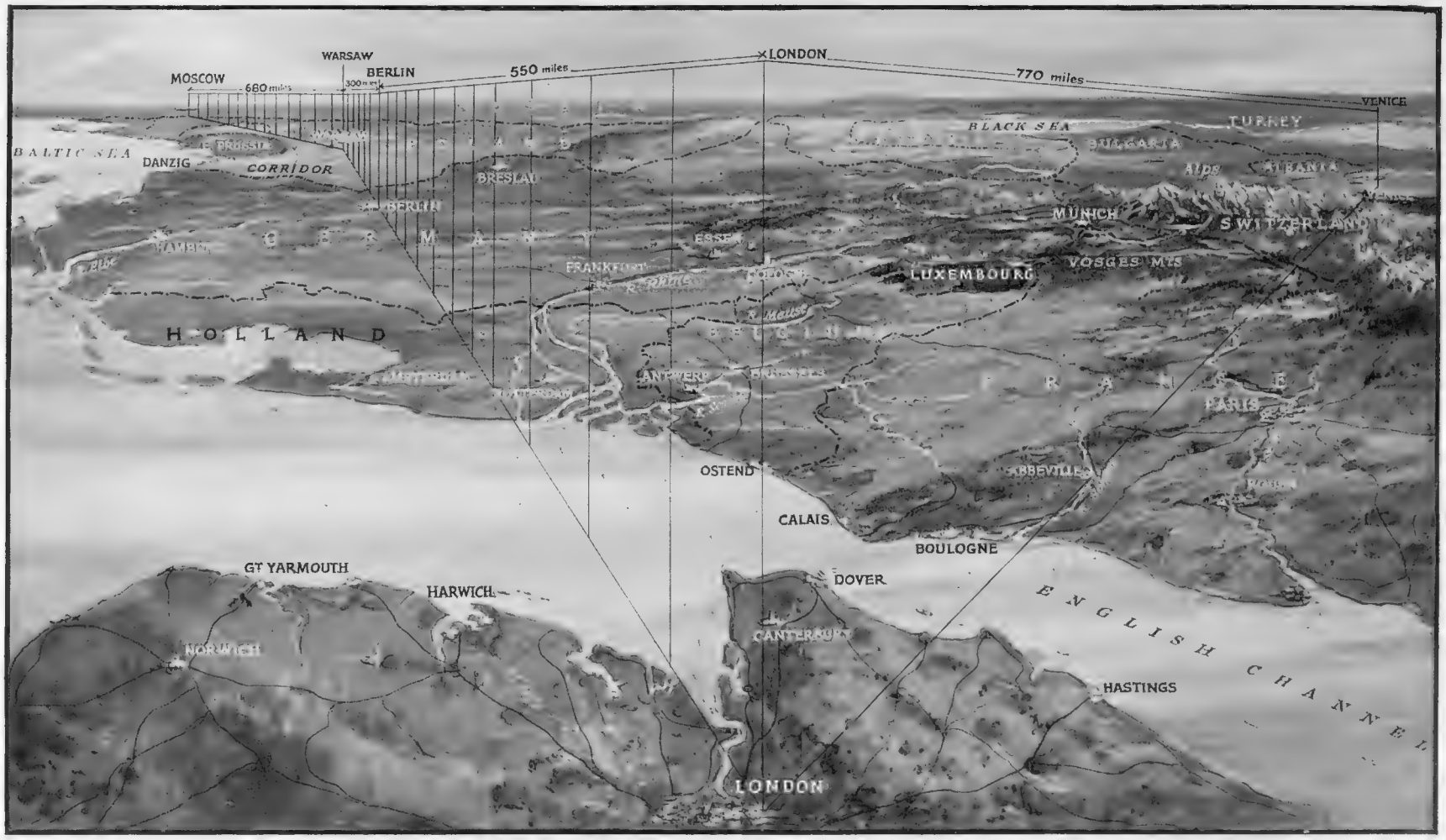
The Navy to us will always be the Navy. Their great task will be carried through exactly in accordance with their great traditions. The sea is a big place, and at the start of a war there are bound to be disasters, but each day as the German is driven from the sea and the convoy system is established the chances of losses will become less. Our hearts still ache for those gallant officers and ratings lost in H.M.S. *Courageous* and their dependents. How well I knew that great ship when she carried the flag of Sir Alexander Ramsay at Gibraltar. Mr. Winston Churchill must, indeed, be glad and proud to be back in charge of that great service.

From the little we have heard so far there is no doubt whatever that we are in possession of a very fine and gallant Air Force. Such feats as we have been privileged to hear of, including the rescue by flying boats, make us truly proud. When one adds to all this the grand response of the whole nation, the loyal messages and practical response of all our Dominions and Colonies, the response of India, the unselfish service being given day and night by men and women, one must feel proud to have lived to see this glorious page in our great history, the picture of a really united nation. London is grim but determined. The people await whatever may come.

THE "WAR BABY" GOES TO THE WAR

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Fortunino Matania—the first of a series which this famous artist is preparing in illustration of the war.

Some twenty years have passed; and History is once again repeating itself. Father himself looked in the glass in just this way before he, too, set off for the war in those troublous years of 1914–18. Now it is the then "War Baby's" turn to follow in father's footsteps



Drawn for THE SPHERE *by D. Macpherson*

HOW THE AIR ATTACKING PROBLEM PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE MENTAL EYE

Here, from a point above London, the coasts of Europe are spread out in aerial bird's-eye form. To the left is Holland, with the German coastline at the Elbe and the Weser. Beyond is Danzig (about 750 miles), Warsaw (850 miles), Berlin (550 miles). In the centre of the view are Belgium, with the mouths of the Schelde, the Meuse, and the Rhine, with Frankfort, Cologne, and Essen beyond. To the right is Luxembourg (overlooking the Saar valley), the Vosges, and Munich. The perpendicular lines will help to indicate the distances from London

FIGHTER versus BOMBER

Some Essential Factors Induced by the Increased Speed of Modern Air Combats

By

C. D. PALMER

THAT the increased performance and heavier armament of the bombing and fighting aircraft of to-day have produced a revolution in aerial tactics is a commonplace. Into what form that revolution will develop is as yet uncertain. The Spanish war was not a reliable guide because on neither side were the most modern fighters in use nor were the numbers of machines involved very large.

Aerial acrobatics have no place in modern fighting technique. The "dog-fight," or battle of manœuvre, will be a memory of the past. At the high speeds now developed machines require too much air space in which to manœuvre and the accelerations and pressures involved in evolutions place an increasing strain on aircraft crews.

Once a fighter squadron has sighted an enemy bombing formation it must overhaul it as rapidly as possible. And it seems that only from a rearward angle can an attack against high speed bombers be effective because of the high relative speeds involved in an attack from any other direction. For example, a head-on attack would be impossible and dangerous because converging speeds of 550 m.p.h. and over might be involved.

Bearing in mind that the guns of a fighter are fixed and therefore that the whole machine has to be manœuvred to take aim at an enemy machine, imagine yourself at the controls approaching your enemy head-on at over 300 m.p.h. Your eye is glued to the gun-sight and you are concentrating on a perfect aim. At the same time the enemy is flying towards you at perhaps 250 m.p.h. or more, his forward gunner sighting on your machine and ready to fire. You are approaching each other at at least 550 m.p.h.

Between the moment when the enemy comes within effective range of your guns and the moment when you must take action to avoid a collision there is scarcely a second. The effective range of a small-bore machine-gun in the air has been stated to be of the order of 100 yards, it is certainly not as much as 300 yards, and in this supposed attack your machine and the enemy are rushing towards each other at more than 268 yards every second.

You have to decide whether to rise over him or dip beneath. Will his nerve fail and will he do just the same as you and rise or dip to meet you in trying to avoid you? The possibilities of a collision are so immense and the target so fleeting that the head-on attack seems completely impracticable.

Attacks from any angle forward or from right angles will prove equally impracticable at high speed, although the risk of head-on collision is absent, because of the difficulty of aiming off for a high-speed crossing shot. One is forced to the conclusion that the only promising angle of attack is from directly astern or from a narrow angle to this direction where the relative speeds are comparatively low.

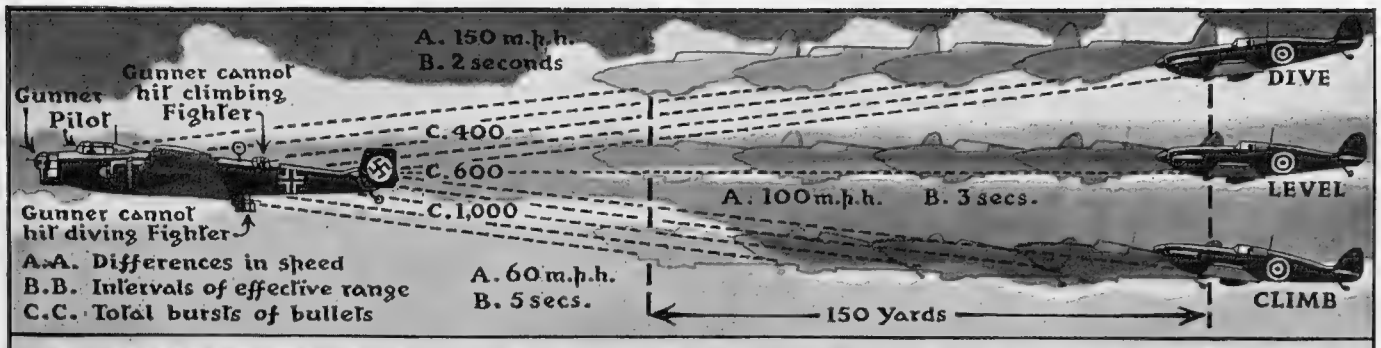
Hence it follows that the combat of fighter versus bomber will be a stern chase with the advantage to the fighter of increased power of manœuvre by reason of its superior speed and climb and with the bombers hampered by the need to keep accurate formation for the mutual protection afforded by each other's guns.

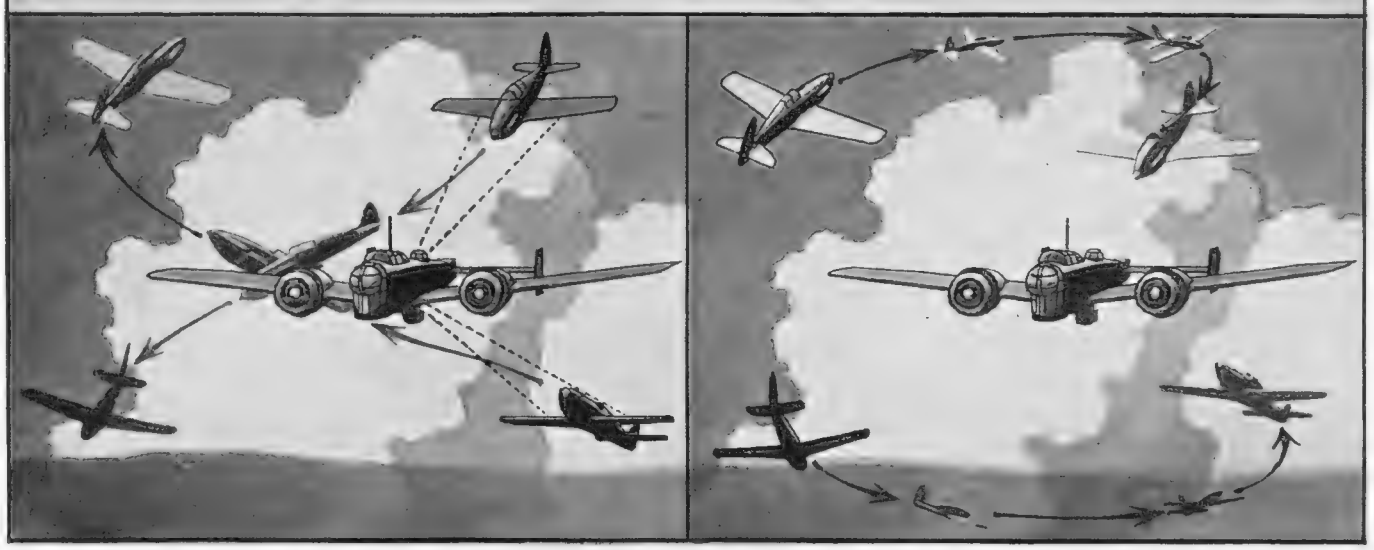
Now the attack on a bomber from behind is not without its risks. The fire of the rear gun or guns of a bomber along its axis of flight is accurate and so it is essential that as much use as possible be made of the blind spot provided in some machines by the tail plane and rudder. Each type of bomber differs as regards the rearward-firing armament which it mounts. Some have but one gun firing aft above the tail plane; others have a gun position above and below the fuselage, thus reducing the blind area left unprotected; and yet other types mount a turret on the tip of the tail which gives the gunner a completely uninterrupted field of fire rearward. Naturally each machine in a formation can bring cross fire to bear to protect another machine if it is itself disengaged.

Each type of machine must be tackled in a slightly different way and in considering the problem it must be borne in mind that at high speed any opportunity for a fighter pilot to open effective fire must be very fleeting and last only a very few seconds. Hence the multiplication of machine-guns mounted in fighters so that now we have in service machines mounting

DIVING THROUGH THE CLOUDS TO ATTACK AN ENEMY POSITION ON THE GROUND

Three stubby little Lysanders, with their wilting long legs, dropping from a cloud screen towards their target





WHEN THREE SECONDS ARE AN AGE—MODERN AIR FIGHTING DESCRIBED BY CLATWORTHY

This diagram has been specially prepared for "The Sphere" to illustrate in diagrammatic form the "tip and run" characteristics of modern air combats. The pilot of the pursuing fighting plane has to get into a position at which he can effectively release a concentrated stream of bullets in a matter of seconds. His greater speed and mobility are here of inestimable value

eight guns, all firing forward simultaneously and operated by pressing a button on the pilot's control column. Heavy fire power is thus instantaneously developed and if the aim has been good an opponent's machine should be seriously damaged.

One may, perhaps, doubt the ability of the small-bore machine-gun bullet, even if multiplied as in the modern British fighter, to do sufficient damage to an all-metal bomber as to bring it down. Especially so if the pilot's seat and the engine cowlings are armoured as suggested by the French expert Rougeron in his "Aviation de Bombardement." Abroad, the lack of striking power of the small-bore machine-gun for air fighting at any but close ranges has been considered for some years, with the result that almost all European air forces are armed with shell-firing guns in addition to ordinary machine-guns.

For several years the Royal Air Force has been almost alone amongst air services in putting its trust in a multiplicity of small-bore guns. At last it has been converted to the shell-gun idea and a factory has been established to make a Continental type of shell-gun. A hit from one of the small high-explosive shells which this gun fires will, it is claimed, effectually disable even an all-metal machine if it touches it anywhere. Whether armed with a battery of small-bore machine-guns or with machine-guns and shell-guns combined, the tactics of fighters and bombers, though they are constantly being reviewed, will probably consist of attacks by flight after flight of fighters in quick succession either from above or below or from directly behind according to the positioning and field of fire of the particular bombing formation's defensive armament. There is no place for the lone freelance pilot among the defence fighters of to-day. It may be assumed that the bombers will fly in accurate formation for mutual protection, but under successive attacks of flights of fighters the gunners will be distracted and only fleeting targets will be presented to them.

The single-seater, single-engined machine is no longer alone in the fighter class, and a trend is rapidly developing towards twin-engined fighters carrying more than one person.

All the important air powers are developing these machines and some already flying are credited with speeds in excess of 400 m.p.h. Such machines, armed with shell-firing guns as well as small-bore machine-guns, will develop far greater fire power than the fighters of to-day, and will be the spearhead of air defence in the not far distant future.

There is only a very brief duration of contact between fighter and bomber. It may be 2, 3, or 5 secs. according to the differing speed of the contending aircraft and the angle of attack, which is from the rear, in the form of a climb, level, or dive approach. The number of bullets which can be fired thus varies. The slower approach of the climbing fighter allows 1,000 bullets to be discharged in the 4 secs. it can fire direct into the bomber.

During these momentary contacts the fighter has to direct the stream of bullets from the machine-guns fixed in his wings on to the vulnerable back of the enemy plane. The streams of bullets are arranged to converge on a point ahead of the pursuing fighter. When the nose of the aeroplane is pointed direct at the bomber the machine-guns are automatically aligned on the target.

The bombers must keep to their formation for the sake of mutual protection—the fighters seek to counteract this by all attacking at once so that each air battleship has to defend itself. By diving and climbing the fighters make it difficult for the lower gunners on the bombers to spray them with cross fire. As soon as they have attacked once, they bank out of range of the bombers' guns, and then climb or dive to come up in a wide sweep for a second attack. This they can do by reason of their greater manœuvrability and aerobatic qualities, as against the comparatively stately progress of the much heavier bomber.

The speed and mobility of the fighting plane is such that the pilot can still carry out some of the "dog-fight" tactics of previous days. He can plunge and swoop round the heavy bomber, loaded with its big bombs and numerous crew, and can then bank away in order to attack again from a new angle, at the same time avoiding the guns of his prey.

FROM WAR-RIDDEN EUROPE and from WATCHING AMERICA

Graphic Pictures from Many Points

"HERMANN GÖRING SPRACH ZUM SCHAFFENDEN DEUTSCHLAND"

So reads the German caption on this picture. (Literally translated it means that "Field-Marshal Göring was addressing productive Germany.") A couple of slim anti-aircraft guns make a background to the speaker and the military staff who accompanied him

FROM A VULNERABLE NEUTRAL LAND, HUNGARY

Budapest has been watching with increasing anxiety the overrunning of Poland by Germany and Russia. Her geographical position is now a very vulnerable one

GIVING THE NAZI SALUTE, AND NOT GIVING IT, AFTER THE GÖRING SPEECH

In the foreground all arms are raised. In the background there are many workers making no sign

These two pictures of Germany's Field-Marshal speaking at a war munition factory took ten days to reach London, but their great interest justifies their appearance here. There was one touch of the Göring humour when the speaker spoke of the possible necessity of smaller suits, but this vein was soon followed by threats to the neutrals. "I can understand how depressed many of you are when you think of the world war," he also declared. "And many say that it will be the same again. But the situation is not the same."

PUBLIC INTEREST IN EUROPEAN DEVELOPMENTS INCREASES IN WASHINGTON

Whatever the official attitude of the United States may be, the interest of the general public is real and evident. The newspapers have no choice as to their leading news

SWITZERLAND, THE TRADITIONAL NEUTRAL STATE, FEELS IT NECESSARY TO ARM

These soldiers of the Swiss army, now mobilised, are reading the Kriegs Mobilmachung posters giving special railway times at the stations

Off to the Western Front

Scenes En Route as the British Troops March to Their Point of Embarkation

SWINGING ALONG WITH GAS-MASK AND FULL WAR KIT

A new touch to the appearance of Tommy Atkins is supplied by the war helmet. The trousers and short puttees are now a familiar sight

RAISING THE CAP IN SALUTE AS THEY PASS IN THE EARLY MORNING SUN

Children and the women-folk wave as the men march by with merry smiles

WATCHING THEIR COMRADES TAKING IT EASY IN MILITARY LORRIES

Some of the men are resting by the roadside before resuming the march

A STAGE FURTHER ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

A cheery salute is given from the carriage window as the train pulls out

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS SOMETIMES ACCOMPANY THE TROOPS ON THE ROAD

But most of the leave-takings have evidently been made elsewhere as the orderly draughting of troops towards the Continent takes place

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

The Dangers the Dare-devil British Sea Captain Has to Face

The Method of Attack and Some Gallant Attempts at Counter-attack — Described by

FRANK BOWEN

THE sinking of the Donaldson liner, *Athenia*, by a German submarine without warning on the first day of the war has brought home to Britons that all the agreements made with regard to the humane conduct of submarine warfare are useless, and that the German submarine fleet of 1939 has to be regarded in precisely the same way as the German submarine fleet of 1917, when the ruthless campaign against shipping was at its height.

In the intervening twenty-two years a new generation has grown up and many things have been forgotten which were very vital to the British public in 1917, so that a review of the methods of submarine warfare, its dangers and chances, is of great interest at the moment.

As was clearly proved by the initial attack against British shipping, such units of the post-war German submarine fleet as were suitable for the purpose were sent out well before the outbreak of war to take up positions as close to the trade lanes as could be contrived, with due allowance for the Admiralty's natural action of advising merchant ships to get away from the regular routes as quickly as possible. The Admiralty has quite frankly admitted the loss of a number of merchant ships already, and the layman is naturally interested as to just how it has been contrived.

Having taken up what is regarded as a desirable position, either on a regular or probable alternative lane for merchant ships, the submarine will lie in wait. In deep water she will do so on the surface if possible in order to save her batteries and avoid undue strain on her men; during the late war many German submarines raised a tall and very slender mast with a skeleton crow's nest on the top of it, from which a careful look-out could be kept and approaching merchant ships could be seen at a long distance. As practically every German merchant ship has been driven to shelter, the submarine can be tolerably sure that any vessel is either allied or neutral.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN WARTIME

By a curious turn of circumstance, the U.S.S. *President Roosevelt*, the passengers of which themselves felt nervous of a similar fate to the *Athenia*, herself went to the relief of a sinking steamer. A British destroyer also hurried to the scene; the passengers are seen watching her from the sun deck

However good a look-out is kept on board the approaching merchantman, it must be remembered that the submarine lies low in the water, and when she is inside the horizon she has a background of sea-water into which she can be made to merge by the clever use of paint. The merchant ship, on the other hand, rides high and from the submariners' viewpoint close to the waterline she is silhouetted against the sky. The submarine's people, therefore, have ample opportunity to make their observations and submerge before there is very much chance of their being seen. In addition to visual observation they have the means of listening through their hydrophones for the throb of the approaching ship's propeller which can be heard for a very long distance through water.

Where the water is shallow the U-boat will often lie comfortably on the bottom of the sea with all her machinery stopped and listen through the hydrophones until it is indicated that the ship is near enough for her to come to the surface and take a sight through her periscope.

The submarine commander always tries to make his attack from fairly wide on either bow of the ship, an angle of 45 deg.—four compass points—being the ideal. The ship then offers a bigger target than when she is end-on, it is not so necessary for him to make allowance for her speed as in an attack from the broadside, there is an opportunity of getting in a second torpedo at a steadily closing range if the first one misses and, compared with an attack from abaft the beam, there is not so much opportunity of the merchant ship escaping by means of her speed. Also, submarine commanders do not forget that their intended victims are liable to carry a sting in their tail in the form of defensive armament, in whose use the merchant seaman has recently been carefully trained.

The shorter the range, the better chance there is of scoring a hit, but it must not be so short that the torpedo has not yet found its depth; while it is still erratic it is liable to dive under the ship or to hit her so near the waterline that the line of least resistance to the explosion, which is what counts in causing damage, will be through the open air instead of through the hull of the ship, so that little or no harm is done. The submarine will use her bow torpedo tubes for preference when all other things are equal, but it may be advisable to use the after ones to maintain the trim of the boat or for some other reason, and the gyro angling gear which is fitted in all modern torpedoes gives a good chance of a hit by indirect fire.

The speed of a torpedo varies according to the type up to about 40 knots. The shorter the range, the faster the torpedo can be run, but if it has to travel a long distance the compressed air which drives it has to be used more sparingly and the speed is greatly reduced, while it naturally drops with the pressure. In the latter days of the late war, when the German submarines employed against Allied commerce found that the full-sized torpedo presented difficulties of supply and stowage, the U-boats evolved a special type of short torpedo, both slower and of smaller range, for use against merchant ships. Considering the comparatively small size of the post-war German submarine, and the long distances which she has been sent to her cruising grounds, it is highly probable that the shorter type of torpedo will be used wherever possible.

In order to have any chance of a successful shot, the U-boat captain has to take into consideration his own distance and bearing, and the speed and course of both the torpedo and the ship at which he is firing in order to get an idea of the point where the ship and torpedo will meet. That is the reason for a recent Admiralty order concerning lights on merchant ships. It was the reason, also, for the dazzle-painting which was adopted for most merchant ships in the late war; it did not pretend to hide the ship but it made it very difficult to judge her course, and a false bow wave of white paint would make it seem to the observer that she was travelling very much faster than she really was.

It has to be remembered that when the submarine is within torpedo range she is running submerged, and her only opportunity of sighting her quarry is through her periscope. It would never do to keep this up continuously, for as she drove through the sea it would leave a white feather of water which would soon be noticed from the merchantman. So it is raised above the surface at intervals for only a few seconds at a time, just long enough for the captain to get the bearing of the ship, which makes it more difficult to judge course and distance.

At what appears to be the exact moment, the torpedo is fired electrically, but although there have been unconfirmed reports that the German Navy has contrived to overcome the difficulty, there is always a white wake to mark its course, caused by the escape of the compressed air which drives its engine. The longer the range, the better chance there is for the merchant ship to observe this wake and to avoid the torpedo by using her helm, but it will be realised that there is not much chance of a 10-knot tramp, heavily loaded and not too easily handled, avoiding a 40-knot torpedo which is intended to meet her. All the same, it was contrived on any number of occasions during the late war and a handy liner with twin-screws and fine lines has a very much better chance.

If the submarine misses at short range there is the opportunity for the steamer to change course and ram, but she has little chance of doing this if she has been hit, for her speed will immediately drop even if there is no danger of her sinking.

The submarine's big coarse propellers enable her to gather way very quickly to avoid any attack, and she will already have sufficient way on her to keep her depth with her hydroplanes and to be in a position to make a crash dive should she be in any danger. The top of her conning tower is already many feet under water, for it is only necessary to expose a very short length of the top of the periscope, so that in a matter of seconds her vital parts will be well below the keel of the ordinary merchant ship, although there is the possibility that her periscope will be carried away if it cannot be drawn down sufficiently quickly, which is a very good reason for only raising one at a time and keeping the other in reserve.

During the late war many gallant attempts were made by merchant ships to ram submarines, but these very seldom succeeded in sinking the U-boats. The principal exceptions were the White Star liner *Olympic* which sank *U.103* while she was preparing to attack, and the *Queen Alexandra*, which sank *U.B.78*. Not many merchant ships could hope for the luck of the one that was torpedoed by *U.28*, when she was carrying a large cargo of munitions to North Russia, including a number of three-ton lorries on deck. The torpedo caused a colossal explosion and one of the lorries, hurtling through the air, came down on the deck of the submarine and broke her back, sending her to the bottom at once with the loss of forty lives.

In most cases the only result of these attempts at ramming, of which the best remembered is the one which caused Captain Charles Fryatt to be executed later, was damage to the periscope, conning tower, or outer hull of the submarine, which generally caused her to abandon her cruise and return to Germany for repairs, but which did not strike her off the list.

As an alternative to attack by torpedo, greatly preferred by the authorities as it permits greater economy and a longer cruise, is gunfire, but this involves the submarine remaining on the surface with her men on deck so that it is impossible to make a crash dive, although the greater range prevents any risk of ramming. The bigger modern German submarines mount a 4.1-in. gun just before the conning tower, a high velocity piece firing a shell weighing about 36 lbs., but the submarine is a very bad gun platform with her low freeboard, and often she is glad enough to break off the engagement when the merchant ship replies with her defensive armament.

THE PARAVANE ABOUT TO RIGHT ITSELF AFTER STRIKING THE WATER

The paravane, which to the uninitiated looks like a torpedo, is flung out from the vessel's side and in a moment or so rights itself and takes its proper trailing position

TO KEEP THE PARAVANE DOWN

This specially-constructed weight is being lowered over the side to keep the paravane properly weighted

A "KITE" JUMPS OUT OF THE WATER DURING PRACTICE

Through bad coupling this part of the apparatus jumped out of the water, one of the things which should *not* happen

The crew sling the paravane overboard

CLEARING the SEAS of MINES

It was during the political crisis of September, 1938, that one of the leading British naval officers thought of the idea of starting a volunteer mine-sweeping company to train fishermen and others to enable them to assist the country in time of war by hunting for and destroying mines. Now the naval authorities realise that these trained men can turn their expert knowledge to instant use. It has become possible for the Navy to leave them to the job, with confidence that it will be carried out to perfection.

During the training the vessels each have a man on the look-out, and as soon as he sights a mine, he gives a signal to the crew, and they then set to work with their own special methods to explode the mine, thus getting rid of another danger to shipping. It is brave work taking out one of these trawlers into the open sea, with lurking dangers beneath. All these men are born and bred to the life on the grey waters around Britain's shores and take anything that comes as being all in the day's work.

BRITAIN'S COMMAND OF THE SEA

The Ceaseless Patrol by the British Navy

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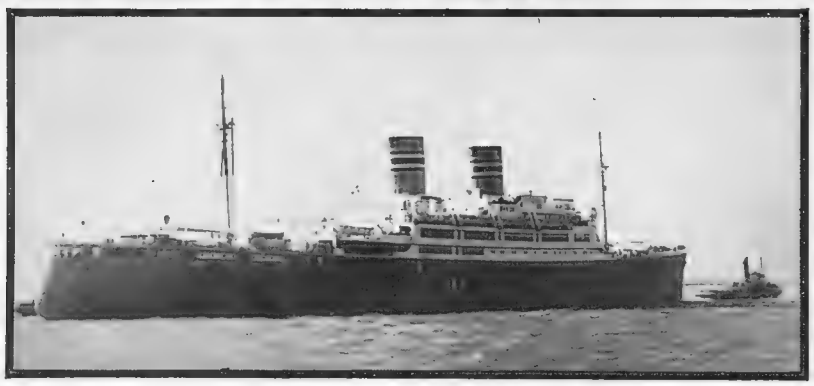
Sphere"

The destroyer comes tearing along at full speed and flashes her searchlight on any ship she sees. Across the water goes the demand, "Who are you, and where from?" If there is anything suspicious about the craft the boarding party goes aboard and the ship is taken into port under arrest. This watch on all ships is of vital importance to prevent any armed raiders from "running the gauntlet" and destroying merchant shipping in the Atlantic and Pacific. "Fogs, dark nights, uncertain weather, difficulties in navigation, and the circumstances of sea warfare in general, will always," says an official statement, "afford opportunities for small squadrons or single raiders to escape unobserved and to make descents upon unprotected portions of a long coastline or sporadic attacks upon trade routes. The action of raiders, both surface vessels and submarines, against essential trade can, however, largely be rendered nugatory by interposing a superior force between the enemy raider and his objective, that is, by placing fleets of merchantmen in convoy and protecting them on passage with cruisers and anti-submarine devices. The convoy system is being put into force now, and is daily operating with increasing efficiency."

NEWS FROM THE SEA : Two Giant Allied Liners; Three Interned German Vessels; The "Squalus" in Dock

TWO BIG ALLIED LINERS IN WAR-TIME TRIM AT NEW YORK

The two largest liners in the world, the S.S. *Normandie* of the French Line (left) and the S.S. *Queen Mary* are here shown together as berthmates after the *Queen Mary* had been shifted from her own berth in New York. The British liner is painted in neutral grey to cut down her visibility at sea



THE GERMAN LINER "PRETORIA" INTERNED IN A PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICAN PORT

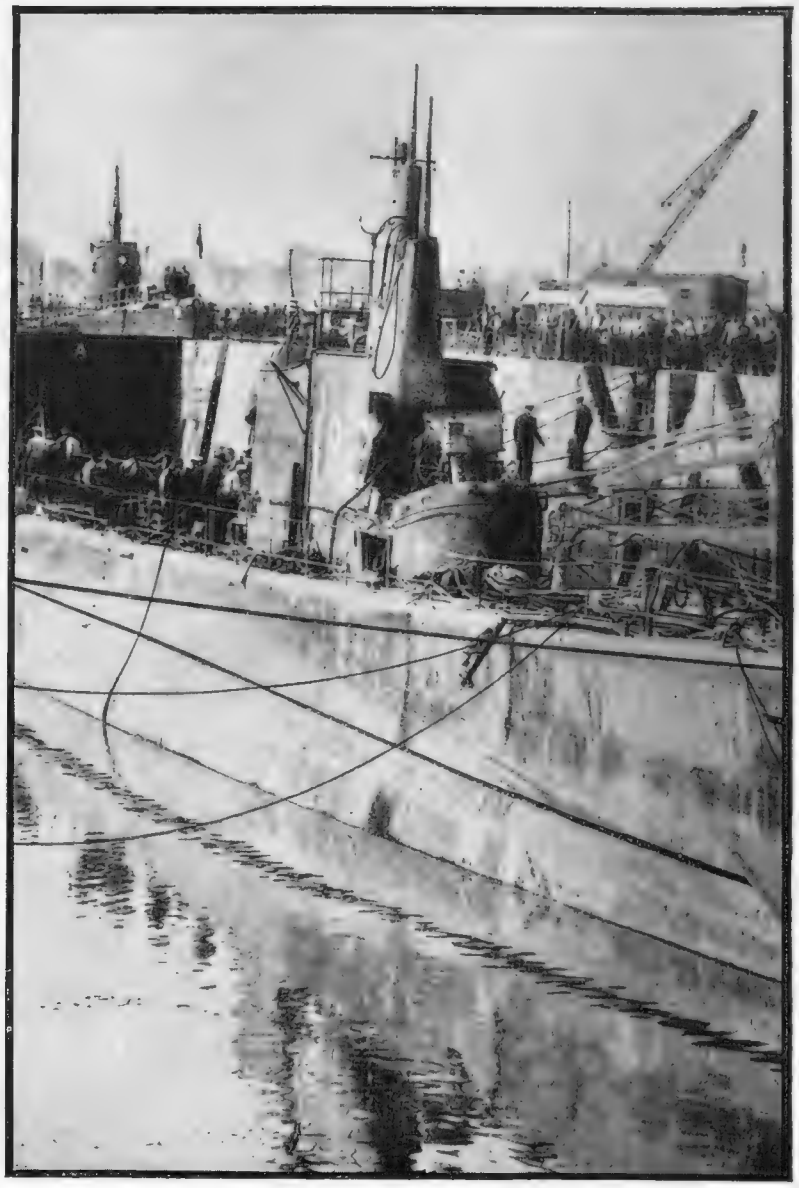
Pretoria and her sister *Windhuk* were specially subsidised to restore German prestige in South Africa and to appeal to both Boer and German African sentiment. They have had to seek refuge in Portuguese East Africa and pray that Portugal would remain neutral

CRACK GERMAN LINER "SCHARNHORST" RAN FOR KOBE

Reports stated that the *Scharnhorst* was being fitted out as a raider, but this was officially denied

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD'S "COLUMBUS" RAN FOR VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

This German liner has a gross tonnage of 32,581 tons. She could not reach Germany, so ran for the Mexican port



THE U.S. SUBMARINE "SQUALUS" IN DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

After successful salvage the *Squalus* is in dry dock. Her main hull is stained but does not seems to show any major damage. Both periscopes are in position here; it is the conning tower that appears to be damaged

WITH THE "AD ASTRA" MEN ON THE GROUND

Impressions of a Visit to the Pilot Officers who are Defending Britain in the Air

By NOEL THOMPSON

THERE is a popular song at the moment, "What Goes Up Must Come Down," and if the rhythm is not exactly suited to a marching song, at any rate it makes a cheering refrain when our R.A.F. adopt it and adapt it to suit the German Air Force.

There is no doubt of their belief that when the German Air Force does go up, much of it must, and quickly will, come down. For one thing they have confidence in their machines. It has already been stated that our bombers raiding the Kiel Canal shook off the fastest German fighters, Messerschmitt M.E. 109, which is more than they could possibly do if attacked by our Supermarine Spitfires or Hawker Hurricanes. And even Dutch flying-boats, which are not fast, forced down and captured recently a German reconnaissance aeroplane which was trespassing over her neutral territory.

And given the machines we have the men, to whom I must for one thing hand the biggest laugh I have had this war.

I was visiting a small town, normally quiet but now cheerfully thronged with blue-uniformed young men from neighbouring aerodromes. (Is it the uniform or the fact of flying, but I have never seen a healthier, fitter, and better looking lot of men?)

It was 7 p.m., and a group of young officers off duty were gathered at the bar. All of them took nothing more than mild and bitter. One of them had just received notice that he had been posted to an aerodrome in Blankshire for a special training course. Turning to another officer who was known in peace-time for his devotion to, and lack of success with, the racehorses, someone remarked.

"Where are you posted, Ronnie?"

"Tattersall's," came the gloomy answer.

I wish there had been a German spy there. He would have been mystified at the roar of laughter, which sounded like a battery of anti-aircraft guns firing in unison. The spirit of the troops, as they say, is excellent.

Since 1914, the speed, range, and accuracy of aircraft has increased so immeasurably that there are few comparative facts to go on. The bombing in Poland has proved what was already almost certain, the immense value of bombers to help in a mobile warfare, by destroying communications and acting practically as extra heavy artillery, as well as for invaluable reconnaissance purposes.

But what—and this is nearer home to all of us—of the bombing of non-military and semi-military objectives. Here the experts are unanimous, and thankfully heave a sigh of relief, "Thank God we are prepared."

As one R.A.F. officer put it to me, "To know that the civilians down below are as well protected as possible is going to mean half the battle to us when we are doing our work upstairs. It gives us double confidence. For heaven's sake drill in to people to take cover and not to imagine that it will be fun to stand outside and see what is happening."

Take this figure. A bomber travelling at 200 m.p.h. will, depending on the wind, probably drop its bombs some 2½ miles from its objective. There will not be much warning for the fool in the street. And a 200-lb. bomb would probably mean death to anyone standing within 100 sq. yards, if he was in the open. Alternatively, Professor J. B. S. Haldane has stated that a 12-in. to 15-in. wall would be blast-proof against a 500-lb. bomb dropping within 30 ft.

So if civilians take to their shelters they will not only be saving themselves but helping the airmen fighting up above. Because enemy losses are going to be heavy, and Germany cannot afford that for long, and if raids are not successful in causing heavy loss of life and damage at first, there are not going to be many raids.

The technique of defence from the air has been revolutionised since the last war. Then it was mainly raids from Zeppelins. We had our sound detectors, not one fraction as efficient as the modern ones, nor as numerous. The Zeppelins came over high, switched off engines, and drifted over London. In one raid, in fact, when no searchlights were switched on, they drifted right over London and missed it entirely with their cargo of bombs.

Anti-aircraft guns have so improved in speed of firing and range that once an enemy aircraft has been sighted, it is going to have a bad time until the fighters arrive and a probably worse time then.

And what of gas? It should be made a criminal offence not to take gas-masks everywhere. Already many people are becoming lazy and slack, and while the experts do not fear gas as the major danger, the moral effect on the enemy of knowing that we are fully prepared for it must have great weight. Gas bombs are heavy, and expensive. They must have a heavy case, a big explosive to distribute the gas, and even then the effect may only be local. The bomb may burst in an open space, and here our almost permanently windy climate is a blessing in that it can cause a quick dispersal of the gas.

I do not know what proportion of the civil population possessed gas-masks in the last war, but although I was in London all the time I do not remember seeing anybody with one, but a few shops had them. Now the whole nation is armed with them.

Finally, the incendiary bomb. One large bomber can carry between 1,000 and 2,000 of the 1-kilo (2 lb. 2 oz.) magnesium electron bombs. These are released in groups of from 10 to 20 at a time, and from 5,000 ft. one group would spread out to cover an area of 100 sq. yds.

And this is how an expert has worked out the effect for me.

"These bombs do not penetrate. One layer of good sandbags on a roof or top floor, ¼ in. of mild steel plate, 3½ to 4 ins. of good concrete reinforced, or even 6 ins. of earth is a protection. It is unlikely in an ordinary house that they would penetrate beyond the top story, where their duty is to cause a fire which would spread. A householder can deal with one quite easily if he will learn how (A.R.P. Handbook, No. 9, price 6d. at the Stationery Office, explains all about it, I discovered).

While we are on the subject of figures, supposing 1,000 of these bombs were unloaded over a strip of 3 miles. Even closely-built towns have only one portion in six of land built over. That is an official figure. Bombs falling on roads, gardens and parks would burn out harmlessly in 15 minutes.

Therefore you could expect 166 hits out of 1,000. Some of these would glance off roofs, others land on protected spots; and there would be about 83 effective hits which might start fires. The regular fire brigades could not deal with all these, that is why we are wise to be well prepared with the Auxiliary Fire Service with its quickly mobile units and trained men and women.

Well, we know we have the best machines, the best defence, military and civil, and we know that bombing alone has never won a war yet. *Vide* Madrid and Barcelona. But for the sake of those men risking their lives in the air, it is up to everyone not to risk their's or anyone else's on the ground. That's what the R.A.F. feels, anyhow.

It is tempting to reveal more cheerful details about our air defences and air force, but necessity forbids that, and so I will return to the little country town and the same friendly hostelry I described at the beginning of this article. The senior officers were in the lounge. The youngsters I found in the cosy saloon bar, also drinking small quantities of mild and bitter.

Enter Charles, to join a small group of colleagues, a fine-looking youngster of about nineteen.

"Congratulations, Charles," said one, shaking hands, "you've beaten me to it. I hear you got your wings to-day." Charles blushed.

"It's drinks all round on you this time," said another. Charles blushed deeper. "I've written to my parents to try and raise a fiver," he explained, "I'm broke at the moment."

"I'll lend you ten bob," said a fourth, a Cambridge undergrad, I thought. "No, that's mine," said a fifth, "I must pay the garage to-day, and you've owed it me for weeks."

It looked like an impasse for the worried Charles. Etiquette demanded the round. The cheery barmaid came to the rescue. "Of course, you must buy a round, Charles. I'll put it 'on the slate' for you and you can pay me some time."

Half-pint tankards of beer, a toast, and they departed to report for night duty.

"They're fine boys," said the barmaid affectionately, as she washed the tankards.

They are.

TYPICAL INTERCEPTOR PILOTS WAITING TO GO UP

Helmeted and earphoned they sit on their parachutes by the edge of the runway

GRAND WORK AT AN R.A.F. PILOTS' TRAINING CENTRE

When war broke out the initial training received by members of the Volunteer Air Squadrons came into its own. Here pilots in training are receiving instruction in the details of a plane

BELGIUM BUILDS A STEEL WALL

This anti-tank barrier extends for miles along the Belgian frontier. It appears to have great strength and is of somewhat unique character

Military activity on the Western Front remained relatively quiet during last week, but all was not still behind the lines on either side. German troop movements were under observation and intense activity was obvious to even lay observers from the borders of Luxembourg. In many sections of the Siegfried Line men were working day and night. Attention is drawn to the possibility of the ultimate German invasion of Belgium, as in 1914, and the "Matin" states that the French General Staff has been observing what has been going on for the past few days

The King of the Belgians reviewed this regiment to which he was presenting a new standard a few days ago in the capital

CONSTRUCTING EMERGENCY BRIDGES IN BELGIUM IN CASE OF ATTACK

Belgium is taking all kinds of precautions to preserve her neutrality if war threats should be directed towards her frontier. Five barges here act as efficient pontoons

THE COMMUNIST FRIENDS OF THE NAZIS

IN ALL THE PANOPLY OF ARMED MIGHT

From time to time Moscow witnesses parades of its People's Army, "armed only for defence," according to official speeches. The march past takes place before Stalin and his military chiefs. Here Marshal Voroshilov (centre), Defence Commissar, and Soviet army and navy chiefs are seen saluting on the occasion of a recent review. Next him, on left, is Marshal Budyenny, commander of the Moscow military region (moustache)

A SESSION OF THE SUPREME RULERS OF THE U.S.S.R.

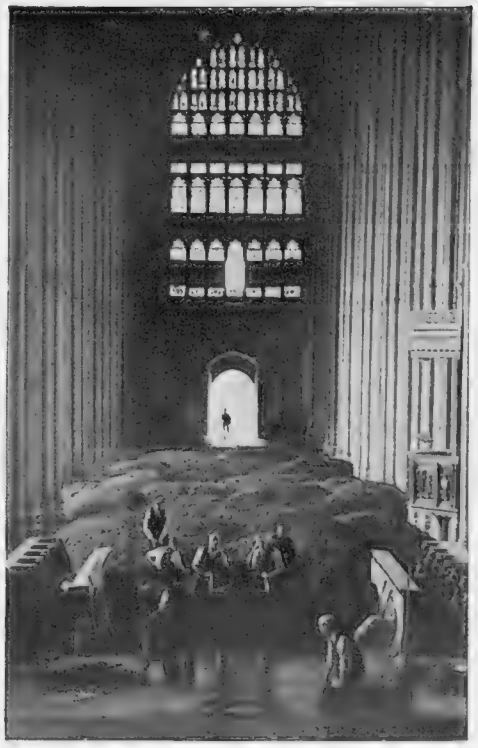
In this picture the People's Representatives seem to be listening to addresses from speakers on an unseen dais. This huge concourse presents the appearance of a lecture hall

AT A CONFERENCE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION

These men and women were present at a joint 7th Regional and 6th City Conference held in Moscow this year. The different physiognomy of Russia's new rulers makes an interesting study

IT HAS ALREADY STOOD FOR 843 YEARS—THE SHORED-UP CRYPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

The famous Norman crypt, with the stubby columns and carved capitals, has been shored up at the apex of the vaulting



TONS OF EARTH SUBMERGE THE STALLS IN CANTERBURY'S NAVE

A light railway has assisted in bringing in tons of earth through the west door

A.R.P.

Sheldon-Williams Gives Quick Relief to a Fellow Warden and Tells of Other Idiosyncrasies of the Home Front

WE went forth on our midnight round, my fellow warden and I. "I carry in my haversack," I said, as I stubbed my toe on the kerb, "a small flask of spirits. Who can tell when it may bring solace to some poor soul." I never knew a man collapse so suddenly. As he fell inert against me, I sensed instead of saw in his face that brave endurance of suffering that has made England what she has become.

"It's nothing, it's nothing, old man," he whispered, "I shall be all right directly." The hooded traffic lights winked as I felt for my flask. . . .

"Our inflexible purpose," I went on, when he was a little better, "is the destruction of the Nazi regime. Then the way will be clear to discuss peace plans with disinfected Germany, and impose them on treachery. . . ."

"I've warned that fellow more than once," he said. "Now I shall report him to the police. You can *not* black out by merely drawing flimsy window curtains." Here that auxiliary policeman I mentioned stopped us to ask the way.

But they can answer questions too. Such as these: 6 p.m. (I mean 18 o'clock)—"What's that white balloon that looks different to the others? Is there anybody in it?"

"No, only the Man."

"Which man?"

"The Man in the Moon, I suppose."

Elderly lady half-way down Addison Road: "Please, Mr. Officer, can you direct me to the nearest shelter?" "102, Addison Road." "And the nearest First Aid?" "2, Addison Road." "But that's right at opposite ends. Haven't you got anything in the middle? You see, I live just here."

But they are still thinking up an answer to this one: "Please, constable, can you tell me when the next air raid is going to be?" The one next after the first seems, happily, the best yet.

Of course, there are questions to be asked in the way of duty: "Excuse me, Madam; but don't you think you should be carrying your respirator?"

"But I'm an old woman. I thought I would be exempt from these things."

No, I'm not making them up. Or this either: "Oh, Mr. Warden man." "Yes, Madam?" "When are the dustmen going to call for my rubbish?"

The shipping agent has his problems too: "But I simply *must* have a berth to New Zealand."

"I promise you, Madam, that I will do the best for you that I can." Later—"I am happy to say I am able to offer you a ticket. Will you please call at the office at once."

"But I can't possibly get up to town to-day." "Where do you live?" "Bayswater."

Each household on the home front is busily adjusting its routine; avoiding overlapping; spreading the strain. Our aim at least an impossible perfection of soldier-like method in adjusting normal domestic affairs, profession, business, to the cross-cutting exigencies of A.R.P.

In our home we are trying to allot to each member his or her job, especially when the siren sounds. At present zeal tends to run about, sometimes doing the jobs of others, sometimes not. This makes for double work and uncertainty all round. We are soldiers. No soldier could carry on smoothly like that. While concentrating on our own job, we must assume that the other fellow is doing the same. Incidentally, there will be less wear and tear on nerves.

A little more time, and a splendid civic co-ordination will result. Two weeks of war have seen a grand stride in this direction. Meanwhile foolish virgins of both sexes are indefatigably making up for lost time, chasing oil among those that sell, to the relief of wise ones willing to aid, but bound by a dozen home ties to reserve the fruits of foresight.

HUGE BLINDS CONCEAL THE FACE OF A BIG FACTORY ON A ROAD OUT OF LONDON

Untidy-looking, but likely to prove effective as a camouflage screen, is this mass of dark sheeting

THE BLACK PRINCE VANISHES FROM VIEW

The gilded statue of the Black Prince is one of the priceless possessions of Canterbury Cathedral

A.R.P. PREPARE FOR THE NASTIEST THINGS TO FIND LYING ABOUT

Lettering geniuses apply their skill to boards to be used when a bomb fails to explode

A TABLE WITH AN UNPLEASANT SIGNIFICANCE!

These gas-detector tables have been set up to provide tests of presence of gas. Onion smell will not be sufficient

THRESHING THE PLENTIFUL ENGLISH HARVEST ON A LOVELY SEPTEMBER DAY

In this Eastern County setting, with the tower of the parish church rising behind the busy threshing scene, it was almost impossible to realise that elsewhere the scythe of Death was also mowing its harvest

12,000 CROSSBRED EWES AND LAMBS FOR SALE AT FINDON GREAT FAIR

Harvest Time in England

The auctioneer, Mr. H. J. Burt, at his rostrum (on right), conducted the sale of this splendid showing of ewes and lambs in Sussex a few days ago

WHEN THE BRITISH ARMY "WON" SAARBRÜCKEN

Some Personal Recollections

by

F. J. SUTHERLAND

SAARBRÜCKEN, the capital of one of the richest coal-mining regions in Europe, is threatened in the first allied offensive of the present war. Nearly five years ago British troops were marching through the streets of Saarbrücken. British armoured cars rumbled along the Forbach road from over the Lorraine border. Saarlanders greeted the men of the East Lancs and Essex Regiments with broad smiles and handclapping. The armoured cars were surrounded, whenever they pulled up, by groups of friendly German children.

THE FRENCH TOWN NEAREST TO THE SAAR FRONTIER Forbach, with its castle-crowned hill, was the scene of an extraordinary evacuation from the Saar. It was there that the *commissaire* foretold the recrudescence of fighting in the Saar valley

Showing the cheerful cameraderie of the British Tommy, our troops were soon great favourites with the population. Other foreign troops were in the Saarland — Italian, Dutch, Swedish. The people showed an amused tolerance towards the Dutch, indifference for the Swedes, active dislike for the Italians — it was long before "Axis" days. Only towards our men was there genuine friendliness.

It was the end of December, 1934. For fifteen years the Saar territory had been administered by the League of Nations, while France worked the coal mines to make up for her own, ruined in the war. Now the plebiscite was due which was to determine whether the Saar was to return to Germany, go to France, or continue under the League. Beneath the constant pressure from Nazi Germany a difficult situation had developed. It seemed doubtful whether public order could be maintained during the stress of the plebiscite. Mr. Knox, president of the Saar Governing Commission, had at his disposal an internationally recruited police force. This was a small body, which included many "emigrés"—anti-Hitler Germans who had sought sanctuary in the Saar—and it could have done little in face of real trouble. Accordingly, foreign troops were sent into the Saarland by the League of Nations as a guarantee that the policing would be adequate. There were 1,500 British, 1,200 Italians, and a few hundred Swedish and Dutch troops. Major-General Brind was in command of the whole force.

The armoured cars and military lorries were used for collecting the ballot-boxes on the day of the plebiscite, January 13, 1935. They came fussing over the border and along the last 2 miles into Saarbrücken, causing more excitement among the population than the appearance of the infantry had done a week or so earlier.

Contrasting with the mounting tension of the pre-plebiscite days, the detached and kindly bearing of the British soldiers was a splendid foil. The Germans themselves were quick to appreciate it. Amid alarms and excursions on all sides — a few heads were broken in political arguments here and there, a shot or so was fired by civilians in a drunken brawl, but speeding rumour magnified it all, and each night Saarbrücken was ready to believe that civil war had started—the sight of British troops playing football or issuing cigarette cards to clamouring German urchins was wonderfully soothing.

Even the shrillest Nazi, waving the largest and most illegal swastika, tended to feel a trifle silly under the sardonic and matter-of-fact gaze of two diminutive Lancashire soldiers. There was about their manner the same deflating patience—as one who humours a noisy but harmless crank—that is to be found in the London bobby. It was significant that when the result of the plebiscite was announced, delirious crowds seized and carried shoulder-high any stray British soldiers they came across, with shouts of "Heil, Englander!" The chaired soldiers endured this with embarrassed stoicism. No Italians were chaired.

Voting in the plebiscite took place after a great snowstorm. Factories and pithead wheels had their ugly outlines softened by a thick white mantle. The typical German villages and little towns of the Saar, with their gable-roofed houses, had been transformed into a Christmas card designer's dream. Late on the night of the voting, the lorries bearing the ballot-boxes began to arrive at the Wartburg Hall in Saarbrücken. The British troops guarding them were in full fighting kit, with steel helmets, rifles and fixed bayonets. They were now as businesslike and efficient as formerly they had seemed casual. Orders were rapped out. The men spread in a wide ring around the lorries as they were unloaded. Courteously, but with crisp firmness, they ordered back some onlookers who showed signs of getting too near the ballot-boxes. The boxes themselves were white by the time they had been carried into the Wartburg, for another tremendous snowstorm had begun. . . .

The East Lancs Regiment was entrusted with the guarding of the hall. Two companies were on duty in the bitter cold outside. But they were luckier than others who were detailed for "fatigue" of a novel kind inside—the carrying to the tellers of the heavy ballot-boxes. The heat, pouring from enormous German stoves going at full blast, soon became overpowering. It was added to by the glare of scores of cinema klieg lights. Soon the luckless Tommies were given permission to unbutton their tunics. Towards midnight they were allowed to take them off altogether and work in their shirt-sleeves.

The last French town before the traveller crosses the frontier towards Saarbrücken is Forbach. The two or three miles of road between the two places follows a track that has often through history resounded to the tramp of French and German armies. Where the Lancers drove in their armoured cars to police the plebiscite, a French army hurried to sieze Saarbrücken in August, 1870. In the last days of January, 1935, I stood on the frontier with a *Commissaire de Police*. Down the road from Saarbrücken there came a tragic stream of humanity.

The plebiscite had given an overwhelming vote for reunion with Germany. On March 1 the Führer himself was to enter Saarbrücken in triumph. That gave a month's grace to the thousands of emigrés who had lived in the Saar for the two years since the Nazis had come to power in Germany. Now they were on the move again. Socialists, Jews, Liberals—they were fleeing over the border into France. Sad-eyed, some in cars, others on foot, household goods piled in waggons and carts, they passed the blue-and-white painted League of Nations' frontier post, and were questioned by stern but sympathetic *gardes mobiles*. Some, refused permission to enter, turned back in despair. Forbach itself was packed with refugees. Many had been given visas which allowed them to go no farther into Lorraine. They sat or lay silently in a gymnasium pressed into service as a clearing station, bales of straw their couches. The local hotel had been thrown into a whirl of custom such as it had not known for years. In its little vestibule, Max Braun, the Saar's Socialist leader, sat haggard and beaten. He talked, bravely but unconvincingly, of his plans for the future. . . .

The *commissaire*, an intelligent, thoughtful type of man, turned to me with a wry smile. "This is only the beginning, monsieur," he said. "Our friend Hitler ——" he shrugged. I made some more or less optimistic reply. It was long before Hitler's aggressions started. The Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, lay in the future. But the *commissaire* glanced again at the refugees. Then his gaze wandered over towards the wooded heights of Spicheren, where in 1870 French and Germans had fought... "You will see," he said. "With Hitler there, one of these days there are certain to be armies marching along that road again, and guns up there in the woods. It will not be many years, I fear. . . ."

BABY'S HELMET: A Vital Matter for Young Mothers with Children under Two Years of Age

BABY'S gas-mask, though rather a terrifying contraption when viewed in its large cardboard box, seems to be, in practice, quite a serviceable piece of work. I watched a succession of small people being popped into their new cradles at the distribution depot, and was agreeably surprised that there were so few tears. The very little people seemed to enjoy the novelty of the air being pumped in, and the transparent frame over their faces afforded searching fingers an interesting and novel sensation—one little girl crowed with delight as she lay on her back and watched the world through her tiny window. The fact that mother must be pumping continually does not seem so great an effort as one might have expected, for baby is quite happy and safe when left for five minutes or even longer, and the short, folding legs under the framework form an ample support for both child and helmet should it be necessary to leave him for a little while. The filtered air soon lulls the baby to sleep, which also should prove a blessing in times of emergency.

The greatest difficulty seems to be with the older children—the toddlers—because they can't be expected to lie contentedly when they are used to running around, and here some difficulty and quite a few tears were experienced before kicking infants were persuaded to get into their helmets.

These can be adjusted to three sizes, the under six months, six months to a year or more, and up to two years. The child is put into the frame, which is padded comfortably, a little seat at the end of the adjustable frame fits snugly between the child's legs, where a strap is brought up and fixed around the waist. Air is supplied to the inside of the hood by means of the rubber bellows placed conveniently for the right hand, should mother be holding the child on her knee; otherwise, by means of the legs at the back, baby can be laid on a table or, safer still, the floor.

Iris Brooke

How baby lies on his, or her, back with the tunic mask tied round his, or her, middle. The pumping valve, shown above, is easier to work than might be supposed. This picture was drawn by Iris Brooke after a special demonstration of the mask

FIRES BREAK OUT IN WARSAW AFTER A RAID

"The death roll was great from the first, especially in the working men's sections and in the suburban areas. The civilian population adjusted itself with extraordinary facility"

A SHATTERED BUILDING ON WARSAW'S OUTSKIRTS

"Although to the younger Poles the bombardments must have constituted an entirely new and terrifying experience, I never saw a single instance of nerves or apprehension among this brave and self-contained people"

DANGEROUS TRAIN JOURNEYS HAVE BEEN MADE FROM WARSAW

Our author's own experience runs: "We watched several air battles from the fields adjacent to the train and narrowly missed disaster at moments. Town after town had already been bombed." Below—A fireman enters a burning house after a raid. "Villages were still blazing and smouldering

I SEE THE FIRST RAID on WARSAW: The Immense Courage, Based on a Deep Religious Belief, is Witnessed

By PAULA LECLER (American Journalist in Warsaw)

IN common with other foreigners still in Warsaw when German invasion began, I marvelled at the composure and courage of the Poles during their first days under oppressive and unequal war conditions. No panic or alarm or even confusion was discernible, despite the abrupt over-night transition from peace to active war-time. Quiet heroism and determination characterised all classes and conditions of citizens.

Colonel Beck is here seen on a visit to a bombed Warsaw suburb

Never a people that could be subjected to the massed regimentation of the Germans, the Poles did not reveal even in the war days the machine-like uniformity and precision of their invaders. But in their normally less closely regimented fashion and within their more limited resources, they displayed perfect order and the ability to adjust themselves to new and onerous demands with speed and efficiency.

The city defence forces were immediately alert and efficacious against the recurring waves of great air bombers. Each raid was broken up soon after its beginning. None in the first days in the Warsaw area occupied over an hour. Only once, on the second day, did the enemy slip into position over the city without the preliminary air alarm—under cover of a temporarily clouded sky. Even on this occasion, we heard the warning sirens just an instant after the first barks of the anti-aircraft guns.

Up to the last moment, despite Germany's long and virulent anti-Polish propaganda campaign, peace had been expected and hoped for. Even the general mobilisation, ordered barely two days before the Hitler invasion, was regarded merely as an extreme precautionary measure. Warsaw's first air-raid alarm, at 6.15 on Friday, September 1, came with stunning unexpectedness—as did the news that war had already started, with earlier air and artillery attacks on Katowice and other border cities. In Warsaw itself, there were half a dozen air raids that very first day. From the middles of streets and squares, groups watched the attacking squadrons with a curious objective interest.

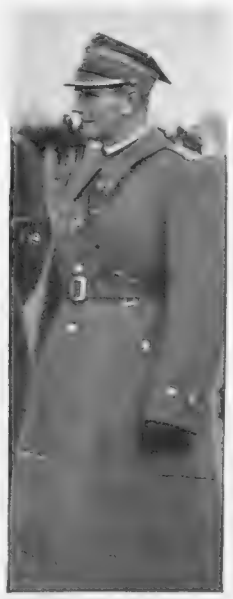
Taxi-cab and private motor traffic stopped almost instantly because of the shortage of petrol, of which every ounce was needed for military purposes. Long lines of cabs stood abandoned in streets leading to garages. The horse-drawn dorozkas of Warsaw and other Polish cities came into their own.

I spent most of the first Saturday night of the war in the main Warsaw station, to see off an engineer friend who had come to purchase supplies for his factory and was seeking to return to his post in the Central Industrial Zone. His train, due at nine in the evening, did not arrive until three in the morning, and then it consisted of goods waggons and open flat cars into which the passengers loaded themselves without comment. One flat car on this train, as on many that came through, carried anti-aircraft guns in position. The most antiquated rolling stock had been brought back into use. The strain on the transit facilities was apparent.

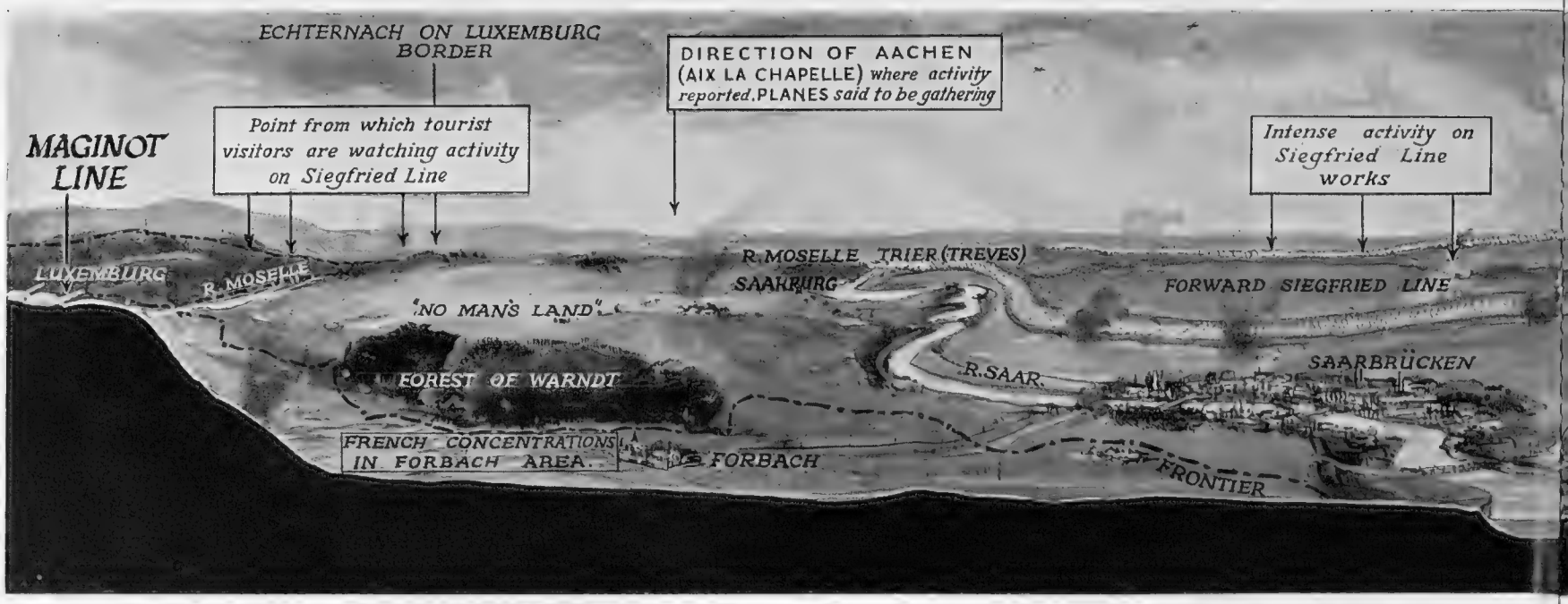
There were three separate air-raid alarms while we waited in the station, during which every light was extinguished. Many of the trains crawled into the station shed, were loaded, and left in total darkness. In this vulnerable situation, with only the thin train shed roof above us, at a point likely to be hit, the thousands closely massed in the long train shed remained calm and orderly through the hour-long stretches in complete blackness, during which we could hear the city defence guns and at moments the whir of bombs falling in the immediate neighbourhood. Even the smallest children seemed to sense the exigencies of the moment. Soldiers waiting for their trains helped to make places for them to sleep on the platform and brought them and their mothers drinking water in the lighted moments.

I found the deep religious sentiment of this Catholic people playing a leading role in their continued resistance against odds. Their determination was buttressed by the consciousness of defending more than their political and territorial integrity. I felt this particularly on the first Sunday of the war, when everywhere among the horrified populace there circulated the story of the burning of their sacred city, Czestochowa, with its venerated painting of the Holy Virgin. A realistic statesman whom I had never known to commit himself as to the outcome of the war, despite his undoubted patriotism, said to me strongly after this: "Although they are stronger than we are in numbers and machines these Germans will never defeat us. It is inevitable that they will be destroyed. Through the centuries Christianity has triumphed against odds greater than ours at present. Fighting against barbarity, we face death joyously for forces greater than our own nationality."

The delicate-faced seventy-year-old mother of a famous Polish woman journalist (Ludwika Ciechanowiecka) gave me another explanation of Polish calmness and resolution under bombardment and defeat news. I spoke with her during an air raid, in her house in one of the most exposed sections of the city. Proceeding uninterruptedly on the round of household tasks she had insisted on assuming when their maid had been evacuated to her home village, she told me: "Now that war has come, of course we are calm, and confident that victory will follow seeming defeat. For years we have lived with the huge hungry shadow of this barbarous neighbour upon us, under a pressure our leaders have held off precariously by diplomatic means but which has never ceased to be felt by every Pole."



Colonel Lipinski, one of the heroic defenders of Warsaw against immense odds



ACTIVITY ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE AND IN THE DISTRICT OF THE BLIES RIVER

SINCE our last survey of the Western Front, two new districts have come beneath the searchlight. The first is the Blies river district, east of Saarbrücken. Activity here was due to the desirability of mastering the heights above the Saar which command the valley, with its industrial towns, and the main Siegfried Line beyond. The Blies, where a German attack was recently reported to have been repulsed, is a small river to the east of Saarbrücken, deeply embedded between wooded ridges, which at points reach an altitude of 1,300 ft. These dominate not only the valley of the Blies, but also the country beyond. French command of the heights along the Blies would seriously embarrass the German defence of Saarbrücken, twelve miles to the west, which would run the risk of being outflanked.

The second district was that around Echternach in Luxembourg, where the Siegfried Line approaches the frontier. "I have just followed for a whole day," wrote a correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, "the course of the Siegfried Line at Vianden and Wasserbillig—20 miles from point to point in a straight line—at a distance of between 50 yards and half a mile from it. Thousands and thousands of men, the majority of whom were soldiers in white drill uniform and green cap, were seen working on the line right on the border of Luxembourg.

"After following the Saar river, the line joins the River Sure at Wasserbillig, where the Sure flows into the Moselle. For 20 miles the Siegfried position follows the River Sure to Wallendorf, then for 15 miles the River Our to Dasburg, passing in its course through extraordinarily wild country. On the steep sides of the banks of the Our and Sure troops are working day and night. At night electric projectors are extensively used."

THE EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION OF FIGHTING LINES IN POLAND AT THE END OF LAST WEEK

The Polish military situation had one bright spot over the week-end—the heroic stand of Warsaw against merciless shelling and bombing. The Polish line (shown by darker tint) during the earlier days of last week ran northward from the Carpathians up through Sandomierz and curved out in a loop to Lodz and Kutno and Modlin. North-west of Warsaw the line curved round to Bialystok. The later advances claimed by Germany are shown by the lighter tint. From the east the "rescuing" Russian forces were advancing on a line extending from the rich oilfield district in the Dniester river area. Both Germany and Russia were claiming this district. Northward the Russian line reached Brest-Litovsk, the scene of the treaty between the Russians and the Germans in 1917

On right—**AIX-LA-CHAPELLE**

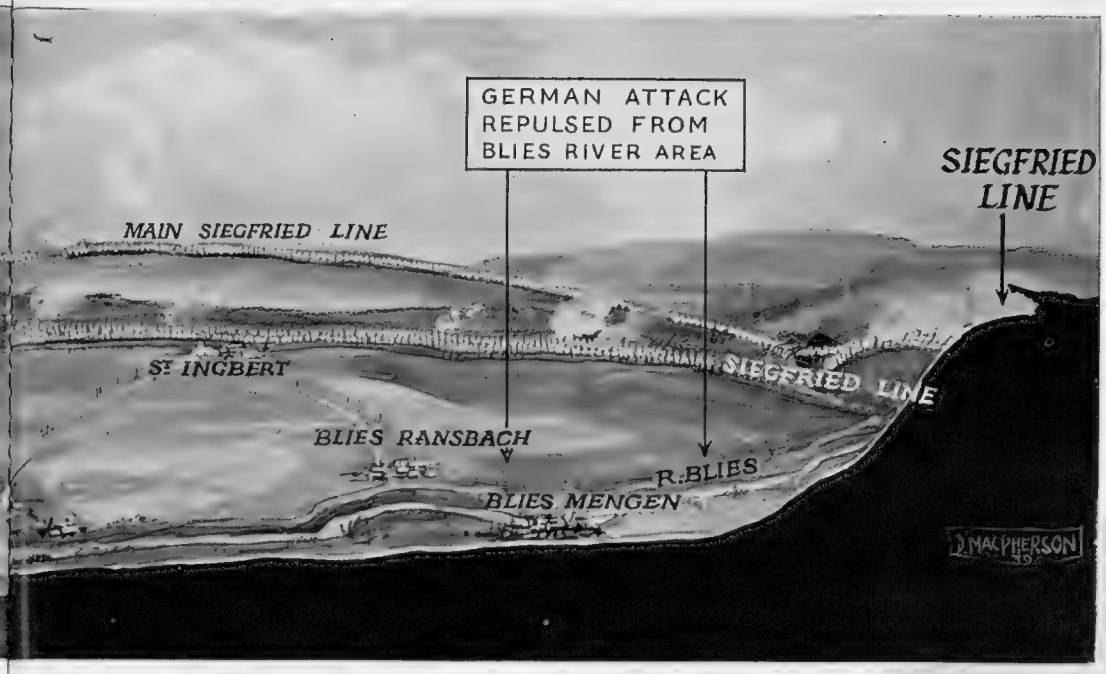
(Or Aachen), whence rumours of intense activities have come, relating both to land and air forces

THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN OF SAARBRÜCKEN IS BUSY WITH TRAMS AND SHOPS SUPPLYING THE NEEDS OF THE POPULATION

THE WAR FRONTS, EAST AND WEST

Last Week's Phase of the Polish Struggle; and the Problems and Deploying Activities of the Western Front

Elucidated by Special "Sphere" Maps and Diagrams



Drawn by D. Macpherson

The view is taken from above the centre of the Saar valley and emphasises the novel situation of one army acting between two highly fortified lines. The positions of Luxembourg and Aix-la-Chapelle are indicated, both of which are pregnant with possibilities

A VITAL AREA, INCLUDING THE RUMANIAN CITY OF CZERNOWITZ TO WHICH THE WARSAW CORRESPONDENTS RETREATED

This corner of eastern Europe was last week very much in the news. Most of the newspaper correspondents from Warsaw retired to this town. Beyond is the oil area which may prove a bone of contention between Russia and Germany

WHERE ATTACK AND COUNTER ATTACK HAVE TAKEN PLACE NEAR FORBACH—THE WARNDT FOREST

In peace-time the forest is a delightful place with attractive glades. It has the appearance of a French forêt without the huge boles which typify a forest in English eyes

Saarbrücken is the centre of the most densely populated area in Europe. This means a big expenditure of wages in the town, for besides the miners, there are hosts of workers in tobacco, chemical, leather, cloth, and porcelain works

The main square has some attractive buildings with the onion-shaped steeples dating from earlier days. The town's history goes back to the tenth century

WITH CHARACTERISTIC TOUCHES OF MODERN WINDOW DECOR Harrods great Store indicates the typical British sangfroid: The store carries on. There is ample air-raid accommodation on the spot

FULL OF USEFUL AND TIMELY COSTUMES AND GADGETS John Barker's windows are catching the eye of the women even when on business bent

SUITABLE WAR-TIME DRESS IN ANOTHER KENSINGTON ESTABLISHMENT Harvey Nichols keeps up its record for style even in war-time

SNAPPY AND BRIGHT IS THE WINDOW DISPLAY HERE Woollands colour scheme shows off their timely display of the things women want at the moment

KENSINGTON CARRIES ON

A Walk Through Kensington is a Refreshing Experience Business is Carrying on in the Royal Borough; and the Great Stores set a Fine Example to the London Citizen

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

ENCIRCLING A TIGER ON HORSEBACK

A Nicholson Reminiscence : An Oklahoma Farmer's Fight with Fate : Noel Coward's Short Stories

MR. JOHN STEINBECK'S new book is a Titan in contemporary literature. It is beyond any doubt the book of the year—perhaps even of our time. **THE GRAPES OF WRATH** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) has been compared in its power and implications with *The Jungle*, which thirty years ago changed a section of American legislation and started vast reforms; for its beauty and its great humanity with Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. It is one of the great American novels and its power is in its simplicity.

The story is of a family of Oklahoma farmers, dispossessed from their land and travelling west to California where, they are informed by plausible leaflets, there is work and pay for all, and a contented life in a country of green fruit trees. The Joads set out, parents, grandparents, children, friends, dogs, in a frail fourth-hand lorry loaded with themselves and their effects, to face the mountains, the desert and the terrible drive that lies between them and prosperity.

Gradually the little party grows smaller. Some die, some desert, one is killed. They get through to California and there they find work for hundreds of men, but thousands upon thousands of men to do it, men who will work at far less than a living wage, because their children are starving at their sides. They find the people of the country banded together in fear of the hordes of migrants, and they find the cruelty that that fear breeds.

The family is symbolic; they experience all that the oppression of the bankers, the landowners, and the men they hire, can contrive, down to the last physical degradation and numbing sorrow, and they remain spiritually whole, still capable of love and hope and sacrifice.

It is difficult to explain why this book should not leave one immeasurably depressed, even unhappy. Yet the reverse is the truth, because in the end it leaves one uplifted. I think that the reason for that may be clear enough after all, for this book is noble.

Heroes of a little larger than life size have not, for the past twenty years, been favourably regarded. Now it may be that they are to return to literature. Of the soldier-hero, John Nicholson, of Indian Mutiny fame, is perhaps a perfect example. He was physically a commanding personage, tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with enormous vitality and incredible courage. There has always been a sharp distinction made between the physical and the intellectual or spiritual in courage, but in this case that would have been impossible, for Nicholson's courage was absolute, and it gave him a stature which the Sikhs recognised when they deified him during his own lifetime, and recited to each other the great deeds of "Nikal Seyn."

THE HERO OF DELHI (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Hesketh Pearson's biography of the great man who, when he captured Delhi and lost his own life in the attempt, effectively broke the back of the Indian Mutiny. He was young when he died, and most of his feats of valour had been enacted before he was thirty-five. Even at the time of Delhi he had little official standing, since he was only an officer in one of the East India Company's regiments, but his friends were among the great ones of India, and his fame was legendary.

In his moments of private life, which were rare, since he was in India for ten years at a time without a home furlough, and had few friends in his immediate circle, Nicholson was shy, or rather appeared so. He thought small talk inane and had no suppleness in social intercourse. At the same time, with Herbert Edwardes and the great Henry Lawrence, and with their wives, he was at ease and happy. He never married, and his life was devoted to India and to that swift, characteristic action which he would take, with or without authority, to make India a safer place for its conquerors.

Since bravery is inseparable from any consideration of the man, it is apposite to quote two amazing instances of it. On one occasion, Nicholson had taken some of his men to capture a tower commanding the Margalla Pass, which was being held by a Sikh garrison. "Having quietly gained a spot within easy reach of the building he gave the order to charge. . . . A furious fire burst from the stronghold and several of his followers fell. He reached the tower untouched only to find that the entrance was twelve feet above the ground. . . . He began to pull the wall down stone by stone and would no doubt have torn an opening in it for himself and his few followers if the besieged party had not started to hurl masonry at them, one large portion of which hit him squarely in the face."

Naturally, he had his relaxations, and again naturally, these were not the relaxations that any other man would have chosen. Tiger-hunting was his favourite sport, but in this, too, his methods were his own. "Having found a tiger he put his horse to a gallop and rode round and round the beast at a terrific speed, never slackening for a second and gradually contracting the circle. The tiger crouched ready to spring and waited for an opportunity, but Nicholson never gave it one; his horse went whirling round until the hunted animal, revolving faster and faster as the horse got closer and closer, became utterly stupefied by the strange manœuvre and Nicholson's sword settled the contest."

Mr. Hesketh Pearson has, in this, written his best biography to date, and if I had a fault to find with his admirably vivid manner, it would be a tendency to facetiousness in the earlier chapters.

Miss E. M. Delafield's new collection of short stories, **LOVE HAS NO RESURRECTION** (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), are as slight as their title is monumental. None of them has the bite of satire which Miss Delafield has often achieved in the past and not one of them, except perhaps *The Other Poor Chap*, moves the reader to anything more profound than a pleasant sense of having read an efficiently written story. And that, as emotions go, is not one of the most acute.

No one, however, could accuse Miss Delafield of monotony, for she is as competent a changer of scenes as ever the Hippodrome knew in its palmiest days, and writes with as much confidence of India and the Italian Riviera as she does of a drab seaside resort in the off-season. Nor is she at fault over her characters who are observed with unfailing insight, in their comic or, as frequently, pathetic moments.

But these are rather a portfolio of sketches than a representative set of short stories, uniformly readable and, I was going to say, uniformly disappointing. In any case I can say with truth that they have disappointed one of this author's most sincere admirers.

Mr. Noel Coward's short stories, on the other hand, can disappoint no one since they are the first that he has ever written, and none of them has appeared in print before. He has dispensed with the "try-out," on which he insists in the case of his theatrical ventures, and has "opened cold" with the completed production.

TO STEP ASIDE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is, naturally, interesting reading whatever its own merits, for here one is discovering another facet of a man who has already proved himself exceptionally versatile. He can, in ascending degree of competence, sing, dance, play the piano, compose music, devise revues, act, write plays and produce them, and explain how he does it all, in so far as any creative person *can* explain his own mainspring, in autobiography. Now he has proved that he can write short stories and it devolves on us to see what place in the catalogue of his activities this new departure should take.

There are seven stories, one very good indeed, two others which only miss brilliance by being a little inconclusive, and the remainder pleasantly competent and witty. Mr. Coward has achieved a smooth, swiftly moving style in his new medium, quite distinct from the staccato of his play dialogues, and evidently the outcome of a serious attempt to master a fresh medium. He tells his tale coolly and unemotionally, letting the situation convey its own drama or comedy; that much at least is familiar technique to him. But he is not static as a writer, and he has not been content to paraphrase a theatrical sketch.

Here are seven stories, all of them worth reading for their own merits.

When Mr. Humfrey Jordan writes of the sea, he writes of something he knows, understands and loves, and for that reason alone his novels would have their own kind of force, even without the impetus of a first-rate ability to write about adventure. Mr. Jordan's men and women are uncomplicated souls, the good are good and have a sense of humour, and, if they are men, a fine grasp of invective.

ANCHOR COMES BACK (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) shows Mr. Jordan at his best, in a tale of a man who "swallowed the anchor" when he married a rich wife who wanted him to leave the sea and made that a condition of their marriage. Bill Inch obediently swallowed and turned his energies, which were immense, to a timber plantation in the southern parts of Burma. Only, initiative rather than obedience being his strong suit, he still hankered for the sea, while continuing to run his business as efficiently as its small proportions allowed.

In the end, and with the help of his wife, who was a nice girl though moneyed, he wins his way back to the command of a ship and, we are left to suppose, perfect happiness. The last quarter of the book is concerned with the exploit by which this is achieved and grandly exciting stuff it is to read.

THE FEMININE TOUCH in LONDON

While Some of the Nicest Girls Go for the Air, You See the Empire Volunteers Lining Up for Ambulance Work

A MIGHTY SWING WITH THE SHOVEL

Before filling the sand-bag, the hard earth must first be broken up in this fashion

Above—
A scene in the heart of London, where girls have been lining up for posts in the Auxiliary Air Force. The range of work is very varied, including telephonists, mess staff, teleprinters, fabric workers, and so forth

On left—
The newly-formed All-India Ambulance unit was inspected last week by Mr. A. G. Hillman, chief ambulance officer. An ambulance girl, trousered and helmetted, explains the gas-mask to two volunteers

On right—
Usherettes at the West End cinemas carry on in the most heartening fashion. They make the necessary preparations of A.R.P., and then with the best peace-time manner wave one into one's seat with flashing torch

LONDON IN THE 4TH WEEK OF WAR

ADJUSTMENT IN THE BUS SERVICES LEADS TO HEAVY QUEUES

London Transport has been altering the services, giving a skeleton supply in quiet times and keeping as good a service as possible at rush periods. Curtailment in the mornings leads to initial accumulations of passengers

TO GRAPPLE WITH THE MORNING BUS RUSH

This bus conductor is collecting his fares from the queue in order to ease matters during the peak hour

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SAY, WITHIN THE LIMITS OF WAR-TIME FEELING, AS USUAL ON TOWER HILL

From the well-known wall from which fiery stuff has often poured forth you can still hear some frank opinions

CITY SPECTACLE AT LUNCH-TIME

Mechanical excavators engaged on defensive works at Finsbury provide a war-time spectacle after the City's midday meal

A NEW USE FOR SANDBAGS—AN OUTSIDE SHOP COUNTER

In Victoria Street a pile of sandbags, counter high before one shop, is being used as an outdoor counter on which there is a varied display of articles

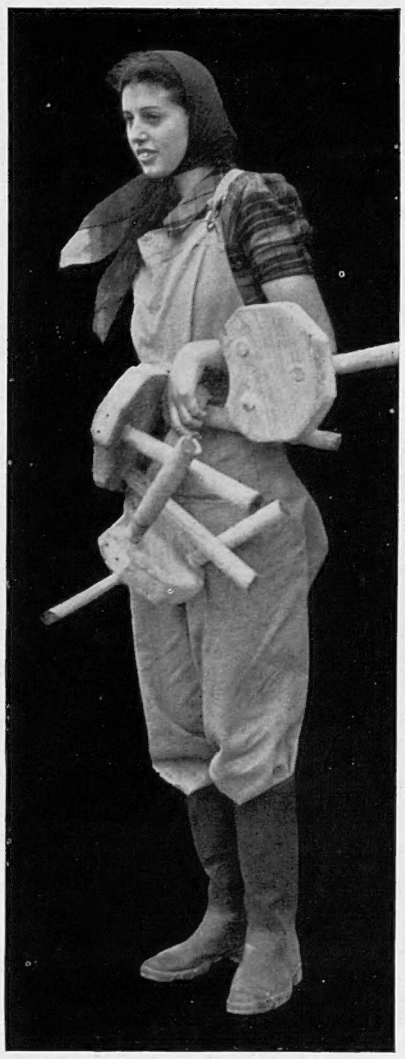
THE RUSH AT THE PASSPORT OFFICE HAS CONTINUED

The Passport Office in London still has queues outside its premises. Since the war started, 100,000 people of all nationalities have called at the Office for permits to leave the country. There is still no indication that the rush is abating

WHAT the WELL-DRESSED LONDONER is WEARING

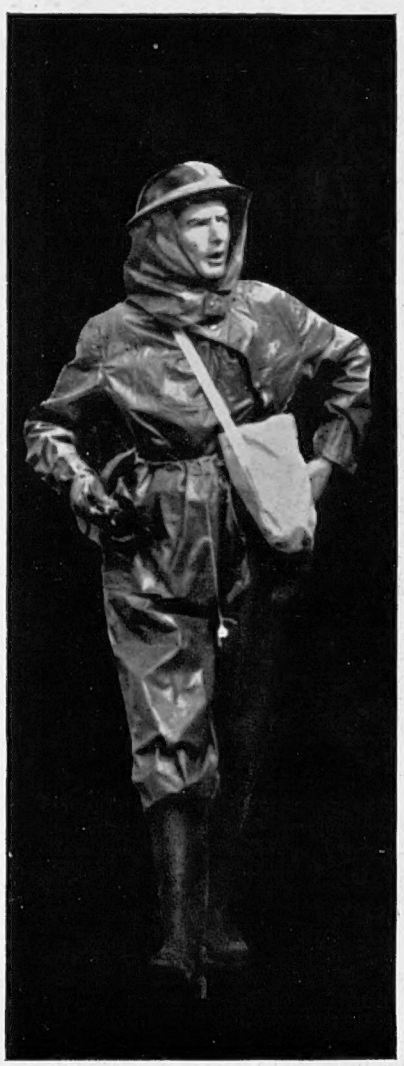
THE GAS-REPELLENT SUIT Hood, trousers, jumper, and mittens of oiled silk can be put on in 35 secs., and the whole outfit weighs only 4 oz.

THE A.R.P. WARDEN'S SUIT This smart wartime suit is the very latest in A.R.P. circles in London — in the King's Cross district, to be precise



THE LAND GIRL'S UNIFORM Miss Jean Jacobs, a London shop assistant, sets out for the milking sheds at an agricultural training college in Sussex

THE AMBULANCE WORKER'S ATTIRE Trousered, tin-hatted, complete with armlet, torch, gas-mask, and trench coat, the ambulance girl reports for a spell of duty



A LONDON DECONTAMINATOR Almost approximating to a Wellsian Martian; London is now witnessing a number of these fearsomely clad wartime workers

A WAR-TIME "BOBBY" Numbers of these temporary constables are now to be seen in London—complete with armlet, tin hat, and gas-mask

THE INEVITABLE PHOTOGRAPHER In addition to his bulky press-camera, the photographer is now burdened with the inevitable tin hat and gas-mask

THE HOTEL A.R.P. WARDEN Fully protected against all eventualities, with rubber knee-high boots and gas-proof clothing, and ready for the air raiders

WAR-TIME NIGHT DRIVING

The Problem of Carrying On in Safety During the Black-out Hours

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THOSE of us who in the first week or so of war-time restrictions tried to find our way along the roads after dark were not long in coming to the conclusion that night driving under the conditions then ruling was not the most pleasant of occupations. The restrictions, however, have been slightly eased and we definitely are allowed to have some more light at the moment.

Driving after darkness is now passable and I think that before very long the restrictions regarding head-lamps will be further altered so that we can have more illumination. I rather think that the original rules regarding lights were drawn up by someone whose practical knowledge of motoring at night and the danger attending thereto unless sufficient illumination is available was not very great.

The number of accidents apparently went up by leaps and bounds in spite of the fact that there were far fewer vehicles on the road. Obviously, there is no earthly advantage in compelling motorists to crawl along and crash into other obstacles at frequent intervals and cause casualties which over any stated period are greater in number than would probably be caused by an air raid.

It does seem an extraordinary state of affairs that the street lighting cannot be put out without turning off all lights in houses and shops. One would have thought, at any rate where electricity is the source of the illuminant, that the wiring of the street lamps would always be laid down in such a manner that the lights could be switched off and on at the power house or sub-station, or, at any rate, at various central points in each district. Even if this was not feasible in the times of peace surely the wiring could have been altered during the past two or three years in what we might call the period of recurrent crises.

I think that the authorities will not only give us more light in our city streets but will also permit motorists to allow their head-lamps to function a little bit more normal than even under the existing revised regulations. Personally, I find my greatest difficulty is in driving along overhung country lanes. In my district the local council has tried to paint white dotted lines here and there and occasionally I find a tree trunk has had a splash of paint applied. But the overhanging trees prevent a driver from sighting the road ahead by means of the little bit of light which is nearly always in the night sky.

Moving as I do frequently on a river at night, this very slight illumination of the sky is always noticeable, and is reflected in the water, thus allowing for safe travel without any lights whatever on the boat. Another trouble with the country lane is that it generally has no kerbs and so it is rather impossible for the local authorities to give a continuous indication of the sides by means of white paint.

The main highways are, I think, the easiest to negotiate, but there are one or two pitfalls which have to be carefully watched. First of all, in many places two, three or more rings of white paint have been put round tree trunks, many of which are some feet in from the kerb. When it is dark it is quite impossible to imagine that the white marks indicate the edge of the road. I think it would be a far wiser plan wherever trees are situated in this way and are marked quite rightly to prevent pedestrians bumping into them, the edge of the road should also be painted white so that the motorist can pick this up before he gets too close to the tree.

On many occasions I have written about the danger of the road which is divided by dotted white lines into three channels. At night time under the present conditions many drivers straddle their cars across such lines and they proceed in almost complete safety. So long as the traffic in both directions carries out this plan it keeps opposing cars nicely separated, but frequently without any warning a road which has three channels suddenly alters and only has one dotted white line down the centre.

It is here where the terrific danger lies, because in the dark it is quite impossible to tell whether the road is laid out for two channels or three, and I suggest that where a road has only two lines of traffic the white line separating these should not be dotted but continuous. The dotted design should be reserved only for those roads which are wide enough to take three channels.

I think the authorities are to be congratulated on painting the letter "P" and other clear signals on the surface of the road for pedestrian crossings and road junctions. I find that these signals are extremely useful and can be picked up quite well, particularly if a passenger is carried and he is given the job of look-out man.

Now that the evenings are becoming colder it is more than ever necessary to keep the windscreen perfectly clear where the glass is a fixture. If the windscreen is of the opening type it is much the wisest course to open it full out if any difficulty is experienced in seeing clearly. I have found that a certain amount of trouble is caused through light being reflected from the side lamps to my eyes by the chromium-plated exterior of the head-lamps. This may not occur on some cars owing to the relative position of the head-lamps to the sidelights, but if any dazzle is experienced then the head-lamps should be painted on the outside with a dull-black paint.

I have noticed one or two cars going about with their number plates painted all black so that the letters and figures cannot be read at all. This, of course, is absolutely illegal, for although we must not illuminate our number plates at night time they must still be in their original condition during the day.

There is a feeling amongst some motorists that because certain big motor factories are now working at high pressure to meet national demands the owners of cars from these factories cannot obtain spares or service. The Ford Motor Company have informed me that it is doing all possible to maintain an efficient parts service throughout the country. They say that it is felt that this is one way in which the common cause can be assisted and Ford dealers have given prompt response to the company's appeal that they shall co-operate.

It is stated that transport difficulties occasioned some delays after the outbreak of hostilities, but the position is now much improved. The well-known engine and parts exchange plans operated by the Ford people are definitely being continued until further notice.

It always happens when an emergency arises that private owners of cars volunteer in their thousands to assist the authorities in a hundred and one different ways. More often than not, their offers are accepted and undoubtedly they give most valuable services to the State in driving their cars on official duties. Labels with words indicating the particular service on which the car is used are sometimes issued by the authorities. On the other hand, the owners of cars occasionally have placards printed of their own accord so that they can be stuck on the windscreen and back window. Personally, I think that such labels when the car is actually being used on official jobs are definitely of assistance to those controlling traffic and for other purposes.

These so-called "priority" labels should definitely be removed when the car, as it were, is off duty. As a matter of fact, if some of the people driving cars with these labels fixed could only see themselves I think they would remove the labels straight away. For instance, I passed an extremely decrepit wheezy old two-cylinder car groaning along with an elderly, unprepossessing woman driving with a similar type of passenger beside her. On the windscreen and on the back light were large labels bearing the words "Priority — Assistant Anti-Aircraft Service." Another car I passed was perhaps a little fresher than the one I have just referred to but in it were two exceedingly robust middle-aged females, and their car bore the legend "Food Supplies." These two examples certainly made me smile and had I had a humorist artist with me I am quite certain that he could have produced two extremely humorous pictures.

BRITAIN AWHEEL

With the curtailing of bus and train services, many more people are riding bicycles, old and new, and thus avoiding the long queues of people during the rush hours

UNRATIONED HORSE POWER

Already more horse-drawn vehicles can be seen in the London streets to take the place of delivery lorries, the use of which has been curtailed owing to spirit rationing

BLACK-OUT STENCIL

Workmen with the huge cut-out with which those symmetrical white dashes are painted in the middle of the road for the assistance of night drivers

TAKING NO CHANCES

A study in efficient sand-bagging at a North London garage. Motorists have often to look twice before they recognise the petrol pumps

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are much in need of funds to meet the additional A.R.P. expenses to which they have been put, such as providing shelters, sending some of the children away to safe areas, making allowances to those under whose care they have been placed, as well as keeping the work of training going on to its full capacity. Please do not forget that this great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls to become worthy citizens has been in existence for ninety-six years. All gifts should be addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Now is the Time to Become Acquainted Afresh with Your Own Country

This is the season of the year when in normal times people are thinking about winter residence, and nothing that I have yet seen convinces me that this most abnormal of years is going to emphasise its abnormality in that particular respect. I cannot emphasise too strongly in the present circumstances that holidays are going to be required, and restful retreats also, in wartime at least as much as in peace-time—and probably more. And it is quite certain that the planning of them and the finding of those hidden treasures, which do so much to make a holiday worth-while, need more care now than ever before.

It isn't far out to say that in ordinary times there are three classes of winter holiday-makers: (1) those who go abroad; (2) those who stay in England and go each year to the same old favourite place; and (3) the rovers, who prefer their native land, but still like to find a new roosting place winter by winter.

The first lot are obviously out of it, for, whatever else the war has done, it has prevented English people—except in a very few cases—from taking their holidays abroad. The second class also are going to be considerably disorganised this winter. For though travelling facilities are rapidly approaching something not too far from normal conditions, there are a great many hotels which are now being used for different purposes.

So it is a fair guess that the winter holiday-makers in Great Britain this year are going to be largely composed of people trying somewhere new. I have great sympathy with those who, having after much experiment and trial and error found a really comfortable billet, like to stick to it year after year. We all know the friendly atmosphere which the most ordinary of hotels can generate after three or four visits—the welcome of a staff which remembers your personal requirements, the comfort of knowing how to get the best out of your surroundings.

But though hotels are to me intensely characteristic and individual, they have to some extent their counterparts; and if you have appreciated a particular type of comfort in one place and find that now debarred from you, the odds are that it is possible to find similar standards somewhere else. So here is a concrete point. When you write to me for advice—those of you who have lost your old favourites—remember to tell me where in the past you have been comfortable. It makes all the difference in the world. If you say merely that you are looking for a first-class quiet hotel where everything is of the best and the food and service are exceptionally good, it still leaves me a wide choice.

If, however, you specify that your ideal of a good hotel has been, shall we say, the Granby at Harrogate, I can immediately suggest that at the King's Hotel, Brighton, or the Rosemullion Hotel, Budleigh Salterton—to take two random examples—you will find an atmosphere which, if not precisely the same, is comparable and, in its own way, as good. If you have always found the air of the East Coast suits you, but prefer—mistakenly, in my opinion—not to go there in time of war, I can point out that bracing air is to be found on the north coast of Cornwall.

These are examples of what I mean. But the great point is that because circumstances or choice compel you to be a rover, you need not be a chopper and changer. Set your standards, and the excellence and variety of English hotels open even in war-time will enable you to stick to them—provided you plan ahead. And remember that if you feel, as we shall all feel during the coming months, that circumstances are too much, and that the nervous strain of war conditions is wearing you out, the best tip in the world is a holiday, well chosen. It is far nicer than bottles of tonic, and if the planning is careful it won't be so expensive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. M., London, S.W.1.—It does seem to me that as you want a quiet, but first-class hotel in pleasant surroundings and not too far from London, you could not do better than Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge, Surrey. It is sufficiently remote from London to be far from noise, yet it is within half an hour by road or train. It stands in its own parkland of 60 acres, and it is certainly a first-class hotel. I feel sure that you would find Oatlands Park ideal for a protracted stay.

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Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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